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THE MARCH TO PEKIN—By Frederick Palmer

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OUR MEN

IN CHINA



PHOTOGRAPH
BY OUR
SPECIAL

CORRESPONDENT
FREDERICK
PALMER

"THE ARMY ATE ITS BREAKFAST AND ADJUSTED ITS PACK AND TOOK THE ROAD AT DAWN . . . TIRED IN SPIRIT, AS THE FULL EFFECT OF REACTION. IT WAS NOT SO FOOLISH AS TO WONDER HOW IT WAS EVER GOING TO KEEP ON ITS FEET UNTIL IT REACHED PEKIN. IT ONLY KNEW THAT IT MUST. WHEN NIGHT CAME IT WAS GOING TO SAY TO ITSELF, WITH A SIGH, THAT IT WAS ONE DAY NEARER ITS DESTINATION. 'SHALL WE BE THERE IN TIME?' WAS THE QUESTION THAT WE WERE FOREVER ASKING ONE ANOTHER. THE HOPE THAT WE MIGHT, SPURRED ON PRIVATE AS WELL AS GENERAL"

(SEE "THE MARCH TO PEKIN," PAGE 3)



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THE OUTLOOK IN CHINA

ACCORDING to a telegram from Mr. John Goodnow, the United States Consul-General at Shanghai, the Chinese imperial authorities have taken decisive steps to punish the instigators of the Boxer uprising and of the outrages committed in Peking. Four princes have been deprived of their hereditary rank, while Prince Tuan, who is commonly looked upon as the principal offender, has been dismissed from all his offices and handed over to the tribunal which deals with members of the imperial family. We are also told that the Emperor Kwang-Su has sent letters to the Czar, to the Mikado and to the German Emperor, expressing profound regret for the killing of the German Minister and of the Japanese Secretary of Legation, and announcing his determination to punish the officials who were responsible for those acts. If these reports are authentic, it is obvious that the Emperor Kwang-Su, or rather the Empress Regent, by whose advice he is known to have been guided since the so-called *coup d'état* of September, 1898, is taking the very course which was commended to him by our State Department in its reply to the proposal lately made by the Berlin Government. It will be remembered that the Emperor William invited the United States together with the other treaty powers to join in demanding the surrender of Prince Tuan and other officials, a humiliation to which no self-respecting power would submit, and which ought not to be imposed on China until she has evinced unwillingness to bring the guilty parties to justice. If the punishment meted out to Prince Tuan and the other fomenters of the agitation against foreigners shall be accepted as adequate under all the circumstances, among which must not be overlooked the fact that he is father of the heir-apparent, the way will have been smoothed to an adjustment of all the matters in dispute. It is scarcely credible that Germany will persist in continuing the war on her own account, but she will still be able to cause a good deal of trouble when the question of the amount of the pecuniary indemnity to be paid by China comes up for discussion. It is hard to see how China's financial resources will permit her to reimburse the powers for their outlay involved in their military and naval demonstrations. The revenue at present derived from the customs duties levied in the treaty ports is nearly all pledged for the payment of interest on the money borrowed by China to discharge the Japanese war indemnity. Neither can the present duty of five per cent ad valorem be much increased without diminishing the demand for foreign products in China, which is, of course, the last result that the treaty powers desire to bring about. Of other sources of income the Chinese Government has none that would be available for the payment of interest on a new loan, unless they were placed under foreign control. Neither the United States, however, nor any other foreign country, with the possible exception of Germany, wishes to put China under tutelage; on the contrary, the common purpose is to strengthen her capacity for self-government. Extreme moderation ought, therefore, to be evinced in formulating the demands for pecuniary compensation. That in no event will China be called upon to suffer any further territorial dismemberment has been distinctly asserted by every one of the powers interested with the exception of Germany, and we do not believe that Germany will be permitted to carry out an independent policy of spoliation.

ENGLAND'S ELECTORAL CONTEST

THE GENERAL ELECTION which is now going on in the United Kingdom is the most apathetic which has been witnessed in the last quarter of a century. A great many Unionist voters think that the present Cabinet ought to be reconstructed, and especially that a more energetic and capable man should be substituted for Lord Lansdowne at the head of the War Office. In spite of the dissatisfaction, however, within the Unionist ranks, there is no doubt that Lord Salisbury will secure a great majority in the new House of Commons, for the Liberals are utterly disorganized, and there seems to be no prospect of concurrent action between such men as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith on the one hand, and Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley on the other. Unless some new question shall arise which will have the effect of splitting Lord Salisbury's party, it seems probable that the Unionists will have as long a tenure of power as the Tories enjoyed from 1784 to 1830, when their rule was only once, and then but briefly, interrupted by the Ministry of "All the Talents." The Irish Nationalists have entered the campaign under better auspices than have the Liberals; indeed, the former are to-day more united than they

have been at any time since the deposition of Mr. Parnell from the leadership of their party. It is true that Mr. Timothy Healy and Mr. William O'Brien say unkind things of one another, but the old feud between Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite has been healed, and there seems to be no reason why the Nationalists should not muster 86 votes in the next Parliament, as they did in that which was elected in December, 1885. They are just as determined as they ever were to secure Home Rule for Ireland, but they cannot hope to see their wish fulfilled until they shall once more acquire the balance of power in Parliament. Even then they might have more to gain from an alliance with the Conservatives than from continued cooperation with the Liberals, for the Conservatives control the House of Lords, and they alone could be relied upon to carry a Home Rule measure through that body. There were not wanting Conservatives in 1885, it will be remembered, who, like Lord Carnarvon and Lord Randolph Churchill, were inclined to look with favor on a coalition with the Irish Nationalists. There is reason to think that Mr. Gerald Balfour, who is the present Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and who is likely to exercise a great deal of influence hereafter in the Conservative party, is disposed to make considerable concessions to the Irish longing for autonomy. There is, of course, a bare possibility that an entirely new question may be forced to the front in the next Parliament. The Imperialists, who desire to rivet the goodwill of the colonies, aided by the landowners who would like to get better prices for the grain grown in the British islands, may propose to admit the food products of the colonies duty free, while levying a duty on similar commodities imported from the United States, Argentina, Russia and other foreign countries. To be of substantial benefit to Canada and other food-producing colonies the duty on foreign grain would have to be raised sufficiently to increase the price of a loaf of bread by at least a halfpenny. It is extremely doubtful whether the operatives, the miners and the small shopkeepers, who constitute a majority of England's population, would submit to a bread tax for the sake of pleasing the colonies. Perhaps the operatives would if in return they were assured of a larger market for their products through the admission thereof to the colonies duty free, while duties were levied upon manufactures imported from foreign countries. We do not believe, however, that either Canada or Victoria would subject their native manufacturers to unrestricted British competition. A *quid pro quo* would, therefore, be withheld, and in the absence of an equivalent advantage the skilled workmen of Lancashire would refuse to pay an extra halfpenny for a loaf of bread.

WHAT IS THE PROSPECT TO-DAY?

MR. RICHARD CROKER still expresses the belief that New York will give her electoral votes this year to Mr. Bryan, and he continues to back his opinion with money. The Republican managers dispute his assertion, but, on the other hand, they admit that Indiana is in doubt. It is obvious that, if Mr. Bryan can win those two States, while retaining all the States that he carried in 1896, he will become our next Chief Magistrate. The number of electoral votes necessary for a choice is 224; he obtained 176. Should he keep these, and in addition get the 36 votes of New York and the 15 votes of Indiana, he would be elected with some votes to spare. But will he be able to hold all the States in which he was successful four years ago? To arrive at a conjectural answer to this question, it is needful to examine the recent record of some of these commonwealths. Of course Mr. Bryan is absolutely sure of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri. There are other States, however, wherein there is reason to think that his strength has been impaired. Idaho, for instance, he carried by 16,868 plurality, yet in 1898 the Fusion candidate for Governor had only 5,613 plurality, although the total vote was considerably larger than it had been two years before. In Wyoming, Bryan had 583 plurality, yet in 1898 the Republican candidate for Governor had a plurality of 10,394, while the Republican candidate for a seat in the House of Representatives beat his Democratic opponent by about 2,500 votes. Look next at Washington; this State he carried by a plurality of 12,493, yet in 1898 the Republican candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court beat his Fusion opponent by a plurality of 8,113. In South Dakota Mr. Bryan had a plurality of 183, but last year the Republicans secured a majority of 42 on joint ballot in the Legislature. We assume that he will carry Colorado, Montana, Nevada and Utah, although by reduced pluralities, and we also deem it probable that State pride

will give him the electoral votes of Nebraska, yet the fact should not be overlooked that the Republicans have a majority of 22 on joint ballot in the Legislature of that State. Kansas he carried by a plurality of 12,269, but in 1898 the Republican candidate for Governor was elected by a plurality of 15,134. It looks, therefore, as if Kansas will have to be withdrawn from the Democratic columns. Is it not possible, however, that the losses to be expected by the Democracy in some of the States just named may be offset in States which were carried by Mr. McKinley four years ago? Of such States there are four which Mr. Bryan's friends hope to win; namely, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, which between them have 30 electoral votes. In Kentucky Mr. McKinley had a plurality of 281, but if the Gold Democrats should support Mr. Bryan this year, he ought to secure the State's electoral vote, for in 1896 General Palmer, the candidate of the Gold Democrats, had 5,114 supporters. In West Virginia Mr. McKinley secured a plurality of 11,487, but this year in the Legislature the Democrats and Republicans are almost exactly balanced on joint ballot. In Maryland Mr. McKinley obtained 32,234 more votes than did Mr. Bryan, yet last year the Democratic candidate for Governor was chosen by a plurality of 12,114, and the Democratic majority on joint ballot this year in the State Legislature is forty-three. Delaware since 1872 has been carried seven times by the Democrats and four times by the Republicans, but McKinley's plurality of 3,630 was cut down in 1898 to 2,738. On the whole, it seems probable that the gains made by Mr. Bryan in the four border States last named will more than counterbalance the losses that he may sustain in States carried by him four years ago, but he will still fall so far short of a majority of the electoral votes that he will need to carry not only New York, but probably Indiana also, in order to be triumphant. Once more then, as so often in the past, these two commonwealths are likely to be the pivots on which the result of the contest will turn. Now let us suppose that Bryan loses Idaho, Wyoming, Washington, South Dakota and Kansas. This would represent a net loss of 24 votes, which, however, if he gained the 12 votes of Kentucky and the 8 of Maryland, would be reduced to a net loss of 4. Then, if he carried New York and Indiana, but the results of the previous election were otherwise unchanged, he would have in the aggregate 223 electoral votes, or one short of the necessary number. It is, in a word, extremely difficult to figure out success for Mr. Bryan in the coming contest at the ballot-box, but it is obvious that Kansas deserves the title of a pivotal State almost as distinctly as does New York or Indiana. Before leaving this topic, we should note two or three incidents that have occurred during the past week, and that have an obvious bearing upon the political situation. The Republican managers have recognized the necessity of putting an end to the extensive coal strike in the anthracite region, and at their request the principal employers of labor are said to have consented to make important concessions. At the hour when we write, however, it is uncertain whether the compromise proposed by them will be accepted by the miners. If the strike continues, it is likely to attain larger proportions, and some of the railways in the coal district may become involved. In that event the sympathies of workmen throughout the Middle and Western States will be aroused as they were in 1892, and we may witness a decided change in the political outlook in Illinois, Michigan and Ohio. Among the Gold Democrats who supported McKinley in 1896, but who have returned to the Democratic party this year, none is doing such effective work as Mr. W. Bourke Cockran. He made the other day at Chicago a speech which fairly may be described as the most eloquent of the campaign. There is no doubt that as a vote-getter he has few rivals among American public men. On the other hand, Mr. John G. Carlisle, who was Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Cleveland's second term, announces that he will again vote for Mr. McKinley. What course ex-President Cleveland will himself pursue is as yet unknown. It was supposed that Mr. Andrew Carnegie's opposition to imperialism would lead him to advocate Mr. Bryan's election, but in an article contributed to the "North American Review" he declares himself in favor of the Republican ticket. The features of the Democratic programme which he regards as particularly dangerous are its attack upon the United States Supreme Court and its proposal to levy an income tax, thereby inaugurating an un-American system of espionage. In the fact that the Republican platform renews the promise to give Cuba independence he finds ground for hope that the present administration will eventually deal in the same spirit with the inhabitants of the Philippines. The importance of Mr. Carnegie's adhesion will be appreciated when we recall that he is one of the most liberal purveyors of campaign funds in the United States.

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JAPANESE ENGINEERS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON A PONTOON BRIDGE

THE MARCH TO PEKIN

By FREDERICK PALMER, Our Special Correspondent in China

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

RESISTING the temptation to speak first of the supremely dramatic moment when a Lieutenant-General, in bespattered and sweat-soaked khaki, led his weary column through the sluice-gate of the Tartar City and stood face to face with the rescued people of the Legations, I shall begin my story at the beginning: I shall begin with the outset of that march whose like we shall not see again, unless the soldiers of five nations struggle along a road with the common object of saving ministers plenipotentiary from massacre.

We owe it to General Gaselee that the column started ten days before the date (August 15) which had been agreed upon by the allied generals. He arrived in Tien-tsin fresh from India, fresh from aboard ship, with a mind full of Havelock. He had not seen Seymour's column starting out faintly to make Peking in twenty-four hours by rail, and then seen it, partly borne and partly limping, return to European Tien-tsin under the escort of the force that had marched to its rescue. He had not participated in that day's storming (July 13) of native Tien-tsin which cost the allies a greater percentage of casualties than the British paid for their defeat at the Tugela. He had not been a personal witness of the accuracy of the artillery and rifle fire of that small body of well-trained Chinese soldiery collected from the Northern provinces, which defended the native city and attempted to take the European city. And it was well that he had not. If he had, he could not have escaped the logical military reasoning that the enemy which had made such a stand at its Gravelotte would not run away from its Paris. For he came at the abrupt turning-point, when the Chinese, who had astounded us by being un-Chinese in their methods of warfare, were about to surprise us a second time by becoming Chinese again.

The British Indian—the polo players'—strategy of "looking smart" and "making a dash through the beggars" was now as much in place as it had been out of place at Magersfontein or Modder River. A cavalryman of the type of General Chaffee, also lately arrived, was quick enough to fall in with General Gaselee's idea. General Fukushima, commanding the Japanese, who had more than half the total number of troops, consented to change his plans. The Russian General, who wanted a great many siege guns with which to batter down the walls of Peking, preferred to wait until September 15, if not until the spring of 1901. As he and his French allies represented only one-fifth of the total force, he was left in fact, though by no means in words—all nations were polite in Tien-tsin—the alternative of going in company forthwith or alone at his own pleasure. He acceded, with the stipulation that the British should not be in advance and carry off the honors. It being out of the question that any other force than the British should take the lead, it mattered little to General Gaselee whether he was third or fourth in the line of march. What he and General Chaffee and General Fukushima sought was the relief of the Legations.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE "JAPS"

In fact, the Anglo-Saxons could not resist the simple argument that 20,000 men ought to be making a show of activity when women and children were in danger of massacre and worse than massacre. General Fukushima had the same impulse; but the tactician never allows his impulses to sway him. He did not think that an early start for Peking necessarily meant an early arrival. If he had waited until the 15th

and gone with his own army, leaving the other allies behind, unquestionably he could have made the march in five days, as against the ten which we occupied. That would have given the Japanese an opportunity for a military triumph of the kind which they have sought. They have wanted rightly enough to do something which would lead the world to put a proper value upon the force of their arms. As it was, the hardy, square-jawed, astute and tireless little Japanese general became the hero of the expedition; and to the Japanese, mainly, we owe its easy success.

Approximately, the relieving force was composed of 12,000 Japanese, 3,000 Russians, 3,000 British, 2,800 Americans (Ninth and Fourteenth Infantry; Reilly's battery and a battalion of Marines), and 1,000 French. It was in novise prepared, according to military precepts, to overcome the obstacles which were generally supposed to lie between it and its objective. In the matter of transportation it was flying in the face of fate, as well as of its information. Old residents promised that it would be stopped by the rains and by dysentery; that it would be turned into a hospital in the mud. If it had suffered a setback; if its communication had been successfully attacked, then the relief of the Legations might have been longer delayed by the process of recuperation and of bringing up reinforcements than if it had followed the safer policy of waiting until the 15th, when we should have at least 30,000 men and proper supplies.

For my part, I owe it to General Gaselee's initiative that I missed the battle of Peitsang. After the taking of native Tien-tsin, upon the assurance that the advance would not be made before the 15th, I had gone to Shanghai with my cables and letters. The morning of the 5th saw me stepping off the Russian military train at Tien-tsin station, which looked more like that of the people of the Concession had known in peaceful days than the one which I had visited during a period of heavy-shelling a month before. The Russians had already torn down the barricades which had been our first line of defence in the trying days of late June and early July, and now they were patching up the rents made in roofs and walls. The aspect of the streets, if I had not heard the guns in the direction of Peitsang, would have told me that the advance had begun. Never, I am certain, in all its history had European Tien-tsin been so deserted. Occasional crestfallen soldiers were acting as policemen at the street corners. Occasional crestfallen soldiers were going solemnly about the business connected with the supply department. They knew that ten miles away was all movement and excitement. Their comrades were going to see the show, while they missed everything.

AN ABANDONED CITY AND AN OBLIGING COOK

From a military fair, then, the town had descended to funeral quiet. I almost longed for a shell to go whizzing by as a reminder of old times. A few civilians were sitting on the porch of the one hotel, which could now assure its guests that they would get a chop instead of a piece of shrapnel on their plates for breakfast. They had come back to view the remains of their property after the army, whose military dictation they heartily disliked, had ensured the safety of the town and then had gone on to sweat, to swear, to fight and to die in other parts. They stood in the middle of the peaceful wreck after the storm, and they appeared to me as men

who had a great deal to do and were solemnly thinking where they had best begin.

When I knocked at the gate of the house which had been the quarters of myself and two friends, our Chinese cook opened it.

"Gone Peking!" he ejaculated, throwing up his hands.

"Gone Peking!" he and all the other servants kept repeating, as they followed me through the vacant rooms, which were strewn with articles of clothing too evidently discarded in the distraction of a hasty selection of everything necessary, and only things necessary, for a march.

"Gone Peking! All gone! Newberry, Davis, gone. Two mule cart, chow (food), gone Peking. You can do, masta, ali." (You can go, too, master. It is all right.)

The information which the cook wished to convey was better told by a letter from Davis which I found on the mantelpiece. Davis said that he and Newberry had gone on with two mules and a Chinese cart containing two weeks' supply of food. One of my ponies was in the stable ready for me, and the other was with him.

After visiting bank and telegraph office the next morning, with saddle-bags bulging and a month's extra clothing, to say nothing of toilet articles and blankets rolled inside my poncho, I took the trail of "Davis, Newberry, chow, mule, cart."

"Follow the telegraph wire and you'll come up to the column all right," said a returning American soldier whom I met near the edge of the Concession.

"That is surely the shortest way?" I asked.

"Well, I guess if you try some other on your own hock, like we did, you'll damn soon think so."

Any one who has ever lost his trail in an unfriendly country could not fail to take that reply to heart.

I followed the wire whenever it turned the corners in the native city and then on across the open country. For four or five miles I passed no human being except a Japanese patrol and a few dead Chinese soldiers who had fallen on the previous day, with burning villages in the distance to tell me where the army was or had been. In two hours I was at Peitsang, where Admiral Seymour's party had their hardest fight and all but gave up hope. Here the army's transportation by road and the army's transportation by river became intensely aware of the difference between land and water. At the time, the pontoon bridge was down to allow the junks to pass through. I took advantage of the delay to eat my luncheon, and joined with a British officer in scowling at the junks. He was in charge of a section of the rabble which followed the British force; of a long line of coolies with wheelbarrows and the pack mules of the Bengal Lancers.

FOLLOWING THE ARMY

"The army was away at daybreak this morning," said a lieutenant in charge of a company of the Ninth which was guarding the bridge, "and it's now somewhere between here and Yang-tsun. This is all I shall see of Peking. I must sit here and fight flies and see that nobody steals the Jappies' pontoon bridge. They are wonders, these little Jappies. They do everything well and make no fuss about it. But they didn't count on people going to war with four-horse teams and prairie schooners. Their little wagons went over the bridge like mice. Our big wagons nearly smashed it this



LOCOMOTIVE ABANDONED BY ADMIRAL SEYMOUR

"THE HARDY, SQUARE-JAWED, TIRELESS FUKUSHIMA"

"KOTOWING TO THE CONQUERING 'WHITE MAN'"



BRITISH AND AMERICAN CORPS OF THE COOLIE—

—WHEELBARROW TRANSPORTATION BRIGADE



WHEN THE BIG TIRED RUSSIANS RESTED

THE MARCH TO PEKIN



A CASE OF HEAT PROSTRATION



GEN. CHAFFEE JUST BEFORE LEAVING CAMP TO START ON THE MARCH



THEY DID NOT RUN AWAY FROM PEKIN



THE TRANSPORT SERVICE

DEAD TIRED OUT



"JAPS" LEADING THEIR PACK-HORSES THROUGH THE STREETS OF PEKIN

THE MARCH TO PEKIN



"THESE WERE THE OASES. . . WHEN THE ROAD PASSED OUT OF THE KOWLIANG OUR SUFFERING MEN WERE SLIGHTLY REVIVED BY THE MOVEMENT OF AIR. ONCE I REMEMBER, THERE WAS A BREEZE—A LITTLE GOD-GIVEN BREEZE."

morning. The little Japs smiled as if it was funny, but I think they were very mad."

When there was such an opportunity as a break of a hundred yards between two junks, the Japanese officer of engineers, whose duties are something similar to those of a policeman at a crowded street crossing, concluded to give the pack mules, coolies and carts a turn. Within a minute after the word was given his engineers were as busy as ants upon the pontoons. They rebuilt the road over them with earth and cornstalks as carefully as if the bridge were to last forever, and not to be torn up within two hours. So neatly was the work done that my Chinese pony could have had no inkling that he was crossing a river. If he had, though he knew the price would be a sprain, he would have made a demonstration of protest in vindication of his race.

I stuck to the wire until I came up to another section of the transportation train, which was crawling along the crooked road through the fields as far as one could see, and was surely connected with the rear of the army. By picking my way alongside it I eventually came up with an exhausted regiment of Russians lying by the roadside. From what an officer said in stumbling French, and from the fact that the railway crossed the river at right angles, I gathered that we were at Yang-tsun. He pointed to a clump of trees as the headquarters of our general; and, of course, was sorry that he had nothing to drink. Turning up a path to the trees I was face to face with a scene quite different to what I had expected. Headquarters were under another clump of trees, as I afterward learned. This was the American field hospital. Fifty or sixty men in bandages were distributed about on the ground; seven were dead already and an eighth was dying. The percentage of faces wreathed with the effort to keep from the unmanly thing of groaning was unmistakable evidence of shell fire. Bannister, Major-Surgeon, through whose hands the disaster of the Ninth at Tien-tsin had passed, was busy and silent. "Only a few of the Ninth. Mostly Fourteenth this time," said another surgeon. "Those that weren't caught by the Chinese as we charged were dropped by shrapnel from the rear after we got the position and thought that it was all over. Probably the Russians."

"Probably the Russians" became a logical surmise as to the cause, whenever there was any iniquitous effect to be explained. This time it was not the Russians, however. On the 5th, at Peitsang, the Japanese had the honor of being killed and wounded. On the 6th it was the turn of the Americans. The Ninth having had its deluge of fire at Tien-tsin, the Fourteenth was in advance. One regiment suffered the greatest percentage of loss that the enemy inflicted upon any single force; and the other was engaged in the final pitched fight that the column had with the Chinese army. In both instances we showed that our most superb quality is dash. After marching fifteen miles without opposition, under a sun that made twenty per cent of the men fall out from heat prostration, a burst of rifle fire from the enemy's line of trenches was as wine to their tired spirits. They immediately set out with a supreme effort of nervous energy "to have the day's work over before dark," as one of the sergeants said.

"To have the day's work over before dark!" If our regiments cherished their history, that might well be put on the flag of the Fourteenth.

FIRING ON FRIENDS

The British, covering our charge with their guns, had no idea that we would be so expeditious. Their gunners got the range of the Chinese earthworks to a T. They were congratulating themselves on their practice, and gleefully estimating the amount of damage they were doing, when they suddenly fell back from their pieces in horror at the news that they were firing on the Americans. The catastrophe was unavoidable. It happened many times in the Civil War. It has happened since then in the Philippines.

Under another clump of trees a hundred yards away I found a tired General and his staff just settling into camp, with the wall of a Chinese mud house as the head of their beds. Those who had nothing to do were resting, while the "strikers" brought forth dinner from the depths of the General's "Black Maria," as his wagon was called. In fifteen minutes I had the story of the fight as told by the General himself. Just before dusk, Lieutenant Stanford and his outfit of signalmen and coolies came reeling out the wire, whose other end was at Tongku, right up to headquarters. Having worked like navvies all day, they spent the night in sending messages for the General, and, while the rest of the army rested, rode out the next morning to see who had cut the wire overnight. I gave Stanford my own little despatch, which I was sure would reach Tongku, if it never went any farther.

My next duty was to find my base. "Davis, Newberry, chow, two mule, cart." A dozen different officers told me that they had seen Davis—his unmistakable hat and his unmistakable bulk—within the hour. Each seemed to have seen him in a different place. After feeling my pony some fresh kowliang, I walked three or four miles, continually crossing Davis's trail, but never coming up with him. Then I unrolled my blankets on some dry kowliang, and had barely stretched my limbs when he appeared. He was smoking a cigar at an angle of forty-five degrees from the line of his countenance. He said that "Newberry, chow, two mule, cart," was an aggregation beyond compare. He had had soup for dinner, and he felt very much like a man.

"You're coming along over to camp, aren't you?" he asked. "Do you see this pile here by my head?" I asked. "That is my trunk and my hopes. Besides the baggage out of my blanket roll, there are my boots, blouse, hat, notebook, pipe, camera, films, some Russian rubles, some Mexican silver, cigars, knife, fork and spoon, and numerous other things. Do you think that I am going to leave my boots, saddle my pony, put all these things in my pockets, only to unsaddle again?" "All right. Come over to breakfast."

THE CAMP OF THE CORRESPONDENTS

Regardless of mosquito and flea bites, I was in good humor with myself when I awoke. The ride of the previous day had left no lameness. From the moment that I joined "Davis, Newberry, chow, two mule, cart," I considered myself no longer in the rear, but a highly animated, if supernumerary, part of the expedition. Aside from the two mules to draw our cart, we had six ponies to ride. Our four servants developed from time to time until each became a distinct Chinese individual. The one who served as waiter and valet was a Christian. The others regarded him with contempt; for they thought that he had become converted, not for profit, but because he was weak-minded and bewitched. We often thought so ourselves. The cook was a sage. A groom was the third retainer. The fourth, our coolie, slave and navy in one, was too dirty to be any animal but a human one. We gave him officially a face and hand washing once a day, accompanied by threats of undertaking the stupendous task of the "altogether." "Missionary pidgin" administered the bath. He enjoyed the function only less than throwing water over Davis and myself every morning. We tried not to shiver too much lest he should strangle himself with suppressed joy.

Davis had shown a great talent in the selection of this particular camp at Yang-tsun. It was in a garden by the roadside, with a well under one of the big trees that shaded it. Mats made a good substitute for a tent to protect our belongings in the event of rain.

HOW AN ARMY RESTS

So our commissariat was quite independent of the army, and our supplies would last as long as theirs. Indeed, we were in much better shape to have marched on the morning after the fight at Yang-tsun than the army. The Americans, British and Japanese were each ready to go if either of the other two took the initiative. What they did was to agree with a sigh of relief to rest for a day. Reason, as well as their hearts, was all on the side of this decision. We had advanced twenty-five miles in forty-eight hours. That is two days' hard work for 20,000 soldiers, even if you take no account of the sun, the dust and the fighting. We had driven the enemy from what was known to be his second and third lines of defence in two engagements, which required careful tactical preparation. The knowledge that the backbone of the enemy's organization was shattered was a salve for wounds and lame limbs.

Also, Yang-tsun was the strategical place for rest. The advice of Minister MacDonald, in one of his letters, that we should make no halts, but advance very rapidly when we were near Pekin, coincided with the opinion of General Fukushima. Here the road and the river ran for a mile or more side by side. This being the line of the camp of the allies, supplies from the ponderous junks, ardently towed up the river by coolies, could be directly unloaded into the wagons and mules for land transportation. As those excellent maps of the Japanese told us, we should not be so advantageously near the river again. For the quartermasters there was no cessation of work or worry. Perhaps responsibility is a better word than worry, however. If a quartermaster worries he will soon wither and die. A good quartermaster, such as Captain Ramsey of General Chaffee's staff, grows fat on a diet of trouble. The deeper the rut that embraces the wheels of his wagons, the broader his smile and the greater his fertility of resource.

Finally, Yang-tsun had a great sentimental interest. It witnessed the crisis in the fortunes of Admiral Seymour's party, as well as the last determined stand of the enemy. It changed the world from the opinion that a battalion could march through China to an overestimate which was as ridiculous as the first view. With the railway cut both behind and in front of his trains, the Admiral had to evacuate them and retreat by the bank of the river. What is left of them stands as a monument to the powers of resistance of the white man's force and to the limitation of the spite of pigtailed savagery, no matter what the sum of its numbers or its brute strength, when unassisted by modern tools or undirected by modern skill. How the thousands of Boxers, struggling for privileges among themselves, must have glared their hate as they rushed upon these inventions of the "white devils"! They burned the woodwork; they carried away the nuts, bolts, even cylinder heads—everything that a peasant's tools or hands could detach. But there still remained, in defiance, the boilers and the trucks.

As I was looking at the wrecked train three of our soldiers came walking down the track. They were cursing with the freedom which is rivalled only by the British soldier. The sun was as hot, the air was as lifeless as I have ever experienced in the Philippines.

"My feet's so sore," said one, "that I'm walkin' on knives."

"Gee!" put in a second, "they ain't no worse than the pains in my back."

"Oh, I don't know," said the third. "I guess if you fellows had my gripes you'd trade 'em for sore feet or a crick in the neck, alright, alright. Oh, mamma, I wish I was home and to bed."

"Where are you going, boys?" I asked.

"Oh, we heard there was some watermelons about two miles up the track, and we thought we'd go out and sneak a few."

"Were you in the charge?" I asked.

The first and second said, "You bet!" and the third said, "Sure!"

"I got this," said the third, showing me a scratch on his temple. "A piece of the jacket of a three-inch shell, alright. Say, but they was tossing shrapnel into us from the rear there for a few minutes, like you throw a handful of gravel, alright, alright. The old Fourteenth didn't wait for a second invitation from the heathen Chinese, did they?"

"If your feet are so sore, and you've a crick in your back, and you want a rest, why don't you rest while you have a chance? You'll be hard at it again to-morrow, with no let up until you reach Pekin," I said.

"That's right, too, I guess. But we can't sit still when there's anything going on. Must keep moving. Too tired to sit down."

"But aren't you afraid that the watermelons—they are manured with sewage, you know—will make your gripes worse?"

"It's cornbeef that causes the gripes. Melons will cure 'em," was the parting word of these strapping children of the land of nerves, as they moved on down the track to explore the country at the risk of being captured by Boxers.

Thus through that blazing hot day every American rested according to his individual taste. It depended upon their dispositions whether the few who still had the shelter tents were at home to as many friends who could get head and shoulders under their shade or whether they reminded suitors that those who threw away their tents on the march must take the consequences. As late as noon men who had fallen out on the previous day were still straggling in. They had slept by the roadside until the morning sun had awakened them. Suffering from nausea more than from hunger, they then sought a well where, in the expression of the army, "they filled their skins" and started on leisurely toward their regimental camps. At the riverside were great piles of boxes of hardtack, sides of bacon, and boxes of canned goods taken off the junks. As soon as a junk was emptied it was started on its journey back to Tien-tsin, with a soldier in charge of the coolies who poled it, to bring up more supplies. I noticed that every nation except the Russians, and including the Japanese, had American corned beef.

PICTURESQUE BRITISH FORCES

Below the American camp was the British camp. The British camp. You smiled at the misnomer. These black, devilish-looking, but really very meek Sikhs, Rajputs, Patans, Bengal Lancers and Punjabis, all in turbans—including their great number of coolies and camp followers—not to forget Ginga Din and his goatskin bag—wandering up and down the road after water to put in their little pots, in which they boil their rice—these were the British. The "sahibs," in such neat khaki and puttees, had wrought out of vegetable-fed spindle shanks and hot Oriental heads, full of religious prejudices, an integral force, with all the trappings and a few of the qualities of fine soldiery. They do extremely well against a mob of their own kind, but it does not seem to me that they can be taken very seriously if pitted against white forces. Two hundred Welsh Fusiliers were the sole white men, besides the blue-jackets, in the British force. They went about arm in arm with the Americans, cursing their governments in common, and trying to see which could tell the biggest whopper. A handful of German marines hurried up at the last moment. The thousand marine infantry which represented the French, the product of the jails and of the quays, were a disgrace to their country, and in no sense to be compared to regular French troops. Thanks to the acquisition of the Philippines, our country can take to itself credit for having more white troops in the column—with the exception of Russia and Japan, which have great garrisons within, respectively, twelve hours' and two days' sail of Taku—than any other nation.

The Japanese were in the villages beyond the railway bridge.

"We are keeping contact a little with the enemy, so that he will not think we have forgotten him," said General Fukushima.

As a matter of fact, he had scouted as far as eight miles beyond Yang-tsun, and had a skirmish with the retreating enemy, it being his intention to keep the enemy too fully occupied to build earthworks.

As it ate its breakfast and adjusted its pack in the darkness next morning and took to the road at dawn, the army, though it had actually rested, was more tired in spirit, as the full effect of reaction, than on the previous morning. It was not so foolish as to wonder how it was ever going to keep on its feet until it reached Pekin. It only knew that it must. When night came it was going to say to itself, with a sigh, that it was one day nearer its destination, as it said every night until it was before the walls of Pekin. "Shall we be there in time?" was the question that we were forever asking one another. The hope that we might spurred on private as well as general.

At noon on this first day out of Yang-tsun a Chinese coolie, who had surrendered himself to the Japanese skirmishers, produced from the lining of his shoe two crumpled little pieces of paper which bore great news. One was from the American, the other from the Japanese, Minister. They told us that the Legations were safe on the date of writing, August 5th, and had supplies to last until the 15th, which was the very date which the generals had set at their conference at Yang-tsun for their arrival at Pekin.

ARRANGING THE COLUMN

It was arranged that, thenceforth, out of respect to their feeling of rivalry with the Japanese, the Russians should have second place in the line of march, while the Americans fell back to third, and the British still occupied fourth. All the French Marine Infantry remained behind to garrison Yang-tsun. At the time they were quite satisfied with the arrangement; for they were very tired and sick from eating too much Chinese pork and too many Chinese watermelons. Later, when the French general, with a sense of political responsibility, arrived, he was greatly shocked to hear that there were not enough Frenchmen with the column to raise a flag upon the walls of Pekin. He took the native artillery from Tongku and a hundred of the Marine Infantry and dashed on. At Chang-Chia-Wan, within twenty-three miles of our destination, on a memorable evening just at dusk, when the mat-



"WE HAD ADVANCED TWENTY-FIVE MILES IN FORTY-FOUR HOURS. THAT IS TWO DAYS' HARD WORK FOR TWENTY THOUSAND SOLDIERS, EVEN IF YOU TAKE NO ACCOUNT OF THE SUN, THE DUST, AND THE FIGHTING"

ter of fact American officer and soldier were tired enough to appreciate the grim humor of the thing, the French general, with the flag of France flying by his side and about twenty followers at his back, rode up to General Chaffee and asked, in the most polite manner, if the advance guard of the French army might pass. General Chaffee said that he had no objection if what he saw before him was all there was to it; and so the French General and his flag of France rode on to join their Russian allies, leaving the Annamite artillery and the other eighty of the Marine Infantry to trail behind our column until there were flags to be raised and looting to be done in the Chinese capital, when they were well in evidence, and it seemed as if the French force outnumbered the Japanese.

It was the garrisoning of Yang-tsun by the French that allowed the full force of the Japanese to go on. General Fukushima's original intention, inasmuch as his full baggage train was not at Tien-tsin when the expedition started, was to leave 6,000 of his 12,000 men at Yang-tsun. He never said—the Japanese are an extremely polite people—that he decided to proceed with all of his force, because he found that, hampered as he would be, he could, nevertheless, easily advance more rapidly than the other forces with their mixed transportation. His little pony carts, which were so well suited to the necessities of the country, had to do double service. Without a murmur, the men of the supply department, after they had completed the day's march, unloaded their carts and led their ponies back to the cache of yesterday's camp, returning with their second load in the darkness. Thus they travelled three times the distance of the others. When they had a moment to spare they curled up by the roadside, regardless of the heat or the dew, and slept as easily as babes.

The correspondents, who were continually riding up and down the line, could well sympathize with them. A Japanese pony, with all the endurance of his master, lacks his master's good nature. He seems to be under the delusion that *esprit de corps* requires him to live up to the appearance of the ponies on Japanese screens. His master was never too tired if you said "Nippon" (Japan) to him to smile back at you and repeat the word in a tone which was indicative at once of his cheerfulness, his patriotism and his pride of race. The pony was never too tired to let his heels fly at a Chinese cousin who carried a correspondent. Every time that I passed a line of Japanese pack ponies I thanked the Lord that I had not broken my leg. The pack ponies carried the immediate necessities of the Japanese. They were always on the heels of the troops, who, therefore, always had their supplies when they halted for the day. The wagons carried what the army would eat day after to-morrow and thereafter and kept well to rear. All was order and system. Every man in the Japanese army knows his part and plays it cheerfully and intelligently.

THE TRANSPORT SERVICE

In the China-Japanese war we heard a great deal about the use of the Japanese coolie for transport service. While foreigners regarded him as a great success, the Japanese army apparently concluded to the contrary. Most of the Japanese coolies with the column were employed by the British, the Japanese depending almost entirely on packs and carts. The Russian soup-boilers stood out most prominently in the long transportation train, with smoke puffing from their stacks and steam sizzling from the iron lid which is screwed on to the big pots on wheels. Soup is the Cossack's *pièce de résistance* on the march. He likes it hot; he gets it as soon as he reaches camp; and he licks out the bowl with a tongue made agile by frequent stretching. A terror to quartermasters' patience were the Chinese coolies with their wheelbarrows, which both the Americans and the British had to use as supplementary to their regular trains. They were slow; their line was infinitely long and unwieldy for the amount of supplies they carried; and when night came it was more trouble to "park" the wheelbarrows and care for the coolies, with their everlasting, nerve-wrecking babble of tongues, than for mules, who would have transported five times as much without any fuss or fluster except wagging their big ears. Our great four-mule wagons and ambulances attracted universal attention. When night came our transportation was not stretched out over five miles of highway. It could be "parked" before the word was passed along the British line. One wagon carried more than fifteen little Indian pack mules.

"When it comes to horses and mules and teaming we've opened the foreigners' eyes a bit," said a Western teamster, who carried the aroma of the ranch, the stage-coach and the plains clear to the gates of Peking.

Not an American mule was lost on the expedition. Yet the world has wondered why we are a proud people.

THE VALLEY OF THE PEIHO

The valley of the Peiho is as flat as a board, without a hill in sight for eighty miles. Outside of the roads and the ground occupied by houses, there was scarcely a square foot of land uncultivated. The great staples were common field corn and kowliang. The field corn was just in the milk, and we had ears of it boiled for dinner every night. We slept on dry kowliang and we fed fresh kowliang to our horses. For descriptive purposes, a spear of kowliang is simply a spear of corn with no ear, and grows to a height of from eight to ten feet. The road wound in and out through the kowliang fields, with a village of mud houses at an average of a mile apart. No breath of air could move through the kowliang. When the line had to halt, the men tried to make shade by tying spears of it together. Now and then the road would pass on of the walls of green and perhaps rise a little above the level of the plain.

These points were as oases in the desert, which revived the

straggling men. Once, I remember, there was a breeze, a little God-given breeze, and the whole line turned toward the direction from which it was coming and drew in quick, deep breaths. The 10th, when we marched from Ho-She-Wo to Mathou, was the worst day. Ten per cent of our men and of the British and fifteen per cent of the Russians fell out, while some of the Indian troops suffered even more. The faces of the big, hulking Russians were scarlet with the rush of blood. Their reputation as great marchers was this time put to no theoretical test. After a company of them had rested, the officers would start a song, and, all singing, they would swing out, their big boots plowing the dust as if they were going straight through to Peking without a stop. Gradually one after another would stop singing and fall back, until the measure died out with a forlorn croak, and then the officers would halt them, close up the ranks, call in the skulkers from the kowliang, and start the song again. A Russian priest who rode with the General in a drosky, under a big white umbrella, sometimes importuned them in the name of the Little Father.

THE TALK OF THE SOLDIERS

I happened to halt for a moment with one of our companies at dead noon when the sun was hottest. Two men, as they started to lie down and the blood rushed to their heads, suddenly struck out with arms and legs and screamed and fell into convulsions. A third, who was not yet entirely out of his head, viciously kicked a companion, growling:

"By God! I can't stand it any longer. I must kick somebody."

The weary object upon whom he vented his anger merely rolled over to get out of reach, without making remark or remonstrance.

"Talk about relieving Peking! I'd like to know who's going to relieve us!" said a clear, dry American voice, with humor in its very twang.

I glanced in the direction from which it came to see a lean, sinewy figure of the old regular stamp sitting erect. His rifle was not lying on the ground so that its barrel would be filled with dust, but was across his lap.

"I never believed the regulars'd come to this," he said bitterly. "A good many of you fellows ain't even rookies. You're worse. You're damned hoboes. The way to get you to march is to let you wander out in the fields and roast corn and tell you there's a good barn to sleep in where we're going to camp. Drink everything you can and eat everything you can and then cuss your country because you get the bellyache!"

There were others who showed the same spirit; who seemed to think that the honor of the regiment rested on their shoulders. And then there was the old sergeant, "twenty years in the service," who was ready to lend an arm to the man who really needed it and to "cuss out" in the language of the plains, the man who pretended that he did when he did not.

"This ain't hot," he said, "unless you think it is. If you just don't think it is you won't notice it. Don't be afraid to sweat out that bad beer you drank in Manila, Jones. It'll do you good. Why, I just mosey along, not thinking I'm in China, but imaginin' myself under the shade of the barracks at Fort Riley. Only don't imagine too hard. I'm afraid I imagined so hard that I've caught cold this morning."

It was cruel that of all nights the night of the 10th the American baggage train should have gone three miles beyond the American camp and should not have been found until morning. Instead of being the worse for no dinner, the men seemed fresher if anything. After that they improved steadily.

"Getting the beer out of 'em. Getting hardened," said the old sergeant. "Give me time and a club and I could make a half of a soldier out of some of the hoboes. There won't be a man falling out the morning we get to Peking, you bet. They'll all want to see the show."

He was right. Full musters marched into the Legation grounds.

FUKUSHIMA, THE VON MOLTKE OF JAPAN

While the other forces were merely moving from day's camp to day's camp, the Japanese were scouting and keeping contact with what remained of the enemy, who was ever promising us a real fight, but never gave us one. We fully expected that he would make a stand at the big town of Tung-chow, which is thirteen miles directly east of Peking and the limit of navigation for the junks. From first to last, General Fukushima had remorselessly put into practice, by means of his cavalry, the remark that he made at Ho-She-Wo, when the whole army was praying in its innermost heart that we should take another day's rest. It showed the same spirit as that which brought Grant into prominence at Donelson and Shiloh. It was another way of putting Farragut's famous sentence, which Captain McCalla has had painted on the poop-deck of the *Newark*, that the best protection from the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire of your own.

"We are tired, but the enemy is very tired," he said in his quaint, terse English. "He is also scared; and we are not. If we keep on going, he will not only be aware that we are not scared, but think that we are not tired. We shall be much stronger as he sees us than we really are. His forces will scatter, and he will not be able to make a determined stand at Peking."

By 10 A.M. on August 11 the Japanese were encamped at Chang Chia Wan, and their outposts were within three miles of Tung-chow. They had made a short march, allowing the other forces to catch up, in order that we should be quite prepared to attack in force a city whose walls are thicker than those of native Tien-tsin. But the defenders of Tung-chow

merely locked the gates and ran away. The Japanese blew open the South gate and entered the city at daylight on the 12th. They established a strict guard at first, and it was not until later in the day, when all the nationalities were represented, that looting began. This was never anything like as serious as at Tien-tsin. The French and the Russians had no way to carry their treasure, and they were saving up their energy for Peking. Tales about their doings at Tien-tsin seem to have travelled far and wide. Most of the people of Tung-chow had flown. Where all the population of the Peiho valley went to, and what it subsisted on, formed the basis of many questions which never received adequate answer. Women who remained in Tung-chow committed suicide with poison, by drowning, and by leaping from the high wall, and parents threw their children into wells rather than that they should fall into the hands of the dreaded "foreign devil."

While coasting up and down the filthy main street, choked with troops of all colors and all nations, I met two officers of General Chaffee's staff who were soberly pursuing a ridiculous mission. They did not seek loot. They would have scornfully passed by bags of bullion; in common with others they had slaked their thirst by the roadside until the taste of the water made them wonder what effect, if freely taken, a dead Boxer at the bottom of a well would have on an American constitution.

"You don't know where we could find a bottle of mineral water?" was the burden of their plaint. "We won't loot it. We'll give a month's pay, or our horses, or the General's Black Maria for it, and do the kowtow to a Chinese shopkeeper, besides."

"Mineral water in Tung-chow! Are you going to the opera this evening?"

They seemed hurt. I saw that I was joking on what was a perfectly serious proposition to them, and I tried to apologize.

"Well, I guess we'll keep on looking," they said. "We might find some. You can't tell till you've tried. It's pleasant even to look for mineral water and to think what you would do with a bottle if you got it."

Misfortune seemed to pursue the two battered American regiments. From the American camp at Chang Chia Wan to Tung-chow, as the Japanese marched, was not more than four miles at the most. General Chaffee wanted to make sure that his command knew the direction, and so he sent an orderly to the forks, telling the troops to take the road to the right, which took them to the objective by a half-circle, instead of a straight line, and made a difference of five miles. There was some consolation in the site of their camp, which was in a grove. Headquarters was under some great trees outside of the palace of a rich mandarin. Here, as in many other instances, our conduct was nothing short of amazing to foreign officers, who could explain it only as an eccentricity, if not a weakness, of the money grubbing nation. A guard was placed over the palace, and not an article in it was disturbed until after it had passed out of our possession.

"FROM LADYSMITH TO PEKIN" WITH THE BIG GUNS

The defenders of Tung-chow had fled northward instead of falling back on Peking. Nevertheless, the opinion was general that we should have a fight before we entered the Legation grounds. Perhaps Tung-fu chan did not appreciate the high strategic value of Tung-chow in operations against Peking, and he was only waiting on the "home-grounds," with his thousands of bloodthirsty Manchus, to do some of the great things which he had been threatening for the last few months. Certainly the Empress, after having defied the powers, would not let them occupy her capital without resistance by the force with which she had conducted her offensive campaign against the women and children of the Legations. We could readily understand how this unhappy lady, when she saw that she was getting the worst of her war, might try to "save face" and preserve the Forbidden City from desecration by sending emissaries to negotiate with us. We rather expected that she would, and would not have been surprised at any moment to have seen the sedan chairs of two or three mandarins, with their retinues, approaching our outposts. Incapacity for resistance and no attempt to parley seemed inconsistent in a people who are such acute diplomats. But we did not yet realize how very Chinese our enemy had become. If we could only have read at the time the correspondence that had passed between the Tsung-li Yamen and the Ministers, while shells were being dropped in the grounds of the Legations, we should have expected exactly what happened. As it was, until the Generals met the Ministers, they had no word from them after the messages received at Peitsang. Therefore, the silence between Peitsang and Peking was ominous, we thought. Afterward, it was easily explained. The Boxers and the mobs of irregular troops which had besieged the Legations were making a final spiteful attack and keeping the Ministers from sending any word. But they seemed to be well enough aware that they could not make any determined stand against the relieving army. What we feared most was that the allies would be forced to wait outside the wall until the British bluejackets—who had growled all the way up the river, as bluejackets will, while they worked with the persistence of coolies and the patience of Job—should bring up the Lyddite guns. In that event, the line "From Ladysmith to Peking," which they had printed on the improvised cartridges, would have had a real significance. When it came to taking a gate in the wall the Americans had neither gunpowder nor gunpowder to blow it open. Our energetic young officer of engineers was equal to making scaling ladders only if we gave him time. The British were in the same predicament. The Japanese, who realized that every time you take a town in China you must break in a



"THE MARCH WAS OVER. NO MATTER HOW FILTHY HIS KHAKI, A SOLDIER MIGHT REST"

gate and storm a great stone wall, had a battalion of engineers with plenty of gunpowder and tools.

If you will take a square and half of a smaller square, and place the ends of the half square against one of the sides of the big square, you will have, roughly speaking, a plan of the city of Peking. The big square is the Tartar City, and the half square lying to the south is the Chinese City. Now, the Legation buildings stand along Legation Street, with its foreign shops, bank and hotel, which is the one decently drained street in Peking; and Legation Street is just inside the southern wall of the Tartar City. The walls of the Tartar City are stronger than those of the Chinese City, which we expected, to enter without much difficulty. It was decided, at a conference of the Generals at Tung-chow, to proceed to within four miles of Peking and there to camp on the night of the 13th, with a view to advance and general attack on the morning of the 14th. We moved by three roads.

THE STORMING OF PEKIN

The Americans took a road to the south of the Grand Canal, which connects Peking and Tung-chow, and the British a road to the south of that. These two roads led to the gates of the Chinese City. The Japanese took the old, stone-laid imperial road to the north of the canal, which leads to the great eastern gate of the Tartar City. I threw in my fortune with them, because both reason and experience taught that they would be the first to the Legations. The set day's march of seven miles was as easy for them as running around the schoolhouse after recess is for a small boy. I spent the day with their outposts and scouts, who fully satisfied themselves that beyond guerrillas and snipers there was no force of Chinese outside the wall. That night I slept by the roadside with my horse tied near at hand, ready to be up and on the move with the army at daybreak. The tramp of the battalion of engineers, which was leading the way, awakened me at dawn. Before I was on my horse a piece of news passed along the line which made the whole Japanese army hopping mad. A Russian battalion reported that, having found the eastern gate open, they had marched in unopposed, and that the Legations were safe. I hurried on to the head of the column, which was just at the edge of the suburb outside the wall. Here the road became a street, and the Jappies started down it as if fully expecting to find the way clear, when suddenly there was a burst of rifle and machine-gun fire from the great stone pagoda over the gate that changed the whole aspect of affairs. The Russians had not taken the gate; or if they had taken a gate, it was not this one.

In a minute there was not a Japanese soldier to be seen, while divers correspondents, on their horses, had shot into alleyways as if they were catapults. As we were not going to march in, we prepared to charge it. All day long the Japanese infantry lay under cover of the buildings of the suburb and along the road into the country, while fifty-four

Japanese guns, posted on a rise of ground, sent shrapnel after shrapnel into that great fortress of masonry which protected the gate or, rather, the two gates, which you must pass through before you were actually in the city. For my part, I found a comfortable niche within about three hundred yards of the target, and once counted twenty-two shells fired within a minute. If you started to cross the street a dozen Chinese fired at you.

I heard definitely—about four o'clock in the afternoon—that the Legations had been reached by the other forces; but the news, coming so late, was not attractive enough to draw me away from the prospect of watching the charge of the Japs when the engineers blew up the gate. At ten o'clock there was a terrific explosion, and a minute later a command was passed along which made every little Jap leap into his place in columns of twos. Then they started down the street at the double, taking cover under the shadow of the buildings and cheering with all the might of their lungs. There was an open place between the gate and the buildings which required that you pass through a zone of cross-fire from riflemen up and down the wall for a distance of thirty yards. As we went across this I saw two or three figures on the ground where they had fallen and heard the call for litter bearers. On the Jappies rushed through one gate and then through the other, and up on to the parapet of the great wall, where, swinging from one side to the other to take cover, they cleared it of Chinese snipers in as systematic a manner as if they had been so many automatons instead of the shouting, happy sons of Japan. With General Manabe at its head, the battalion marched to the Hutu-Men gate and then to the Legations, where we found all the Legationaries in bed, worn out with yesterday's excitement. I am not sure whether I slept in a servant's room or in the chancellery. Anyway, I had the floor for a bed and my camera for a pillow. Next morning I saw Ministers, guards and missionaries and "heard all about it."

AMERICANS AND ENGLISH AT THE SLUICE-GATE

In the wall near the Legations is a great arch for drainage, which is known as the sluice-gate. This was shown in the map which was sent to General Chaffee at Peitsang by Minister Conger. When they heard the Japanese guns, on the morning of the 14th, the people of the Legations knew that we had arrived, and very soon we and not they would be fighting. For the last twenty-four hours the Legation guards had been extremely busy. The mob had made one of the most desperate attacks in the history of the siege and completely failed. Never once during the whole siege did the besieging force break in the first line of defence.

As the British and Americans approached the wall in the neighborhood of the Legations, the besiegers began to retreat down the parapet, and those who went to the east tarried long

enough at the Eastern gate to give the Japanese a goodly list of casualties.

The Americans had two men hit during the day by snipers, and the British loss could not have been much heavier. The actual act of relieving was no more nor less than a "march in." It is absurd for the British to take great credit to themselves because the Sikhs were first in at the sluice-gate. They marched by the Fourteenth because Colonel Daggett was waiting for orders from General Chaffee, whose whereabouts, as was frequently the case, was unknown to the members of his staff. The cavalryman was out scouting on his own account. When his staff found him, the Americans followed the British in at about half-past four in the afternoon. The hardest work on the expedition was done by the Japanese and the Americans. After the Japanese, we suffered the heaviest losses. The great service of the British was of their blue-jackets and marines and their naval guns at Tien-tsin.

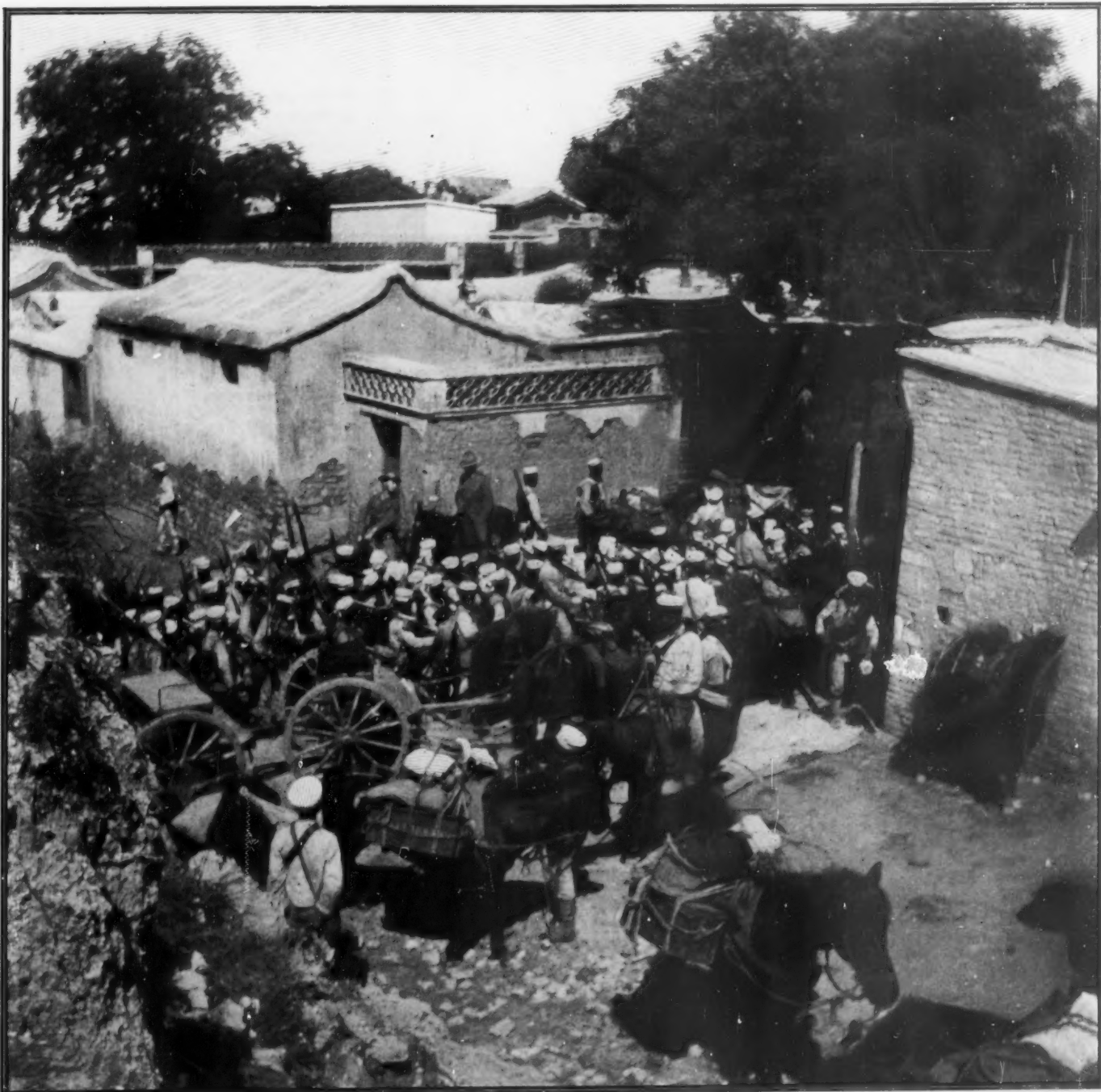
We fully expected to find the people of the Legations emaciated and on the point of starvation. When the tired soldiers—officers as well as men—had had no change of clothing for ten days—marched through the sewage of the sluice-gate and came face to face with the people standing on their barricades, they felt not only surprised, but embarrassed, because of their appearance. What they saw looked more like a garden party than like a starving and besieged community. The ladies were in lawn gowns and the men in flannels. In other words, they had dressed for the occasion.

"We couldn't have both jam and butter with our rice," said one of the ladies, speaking of their hardships. "We had to take either one or the other."

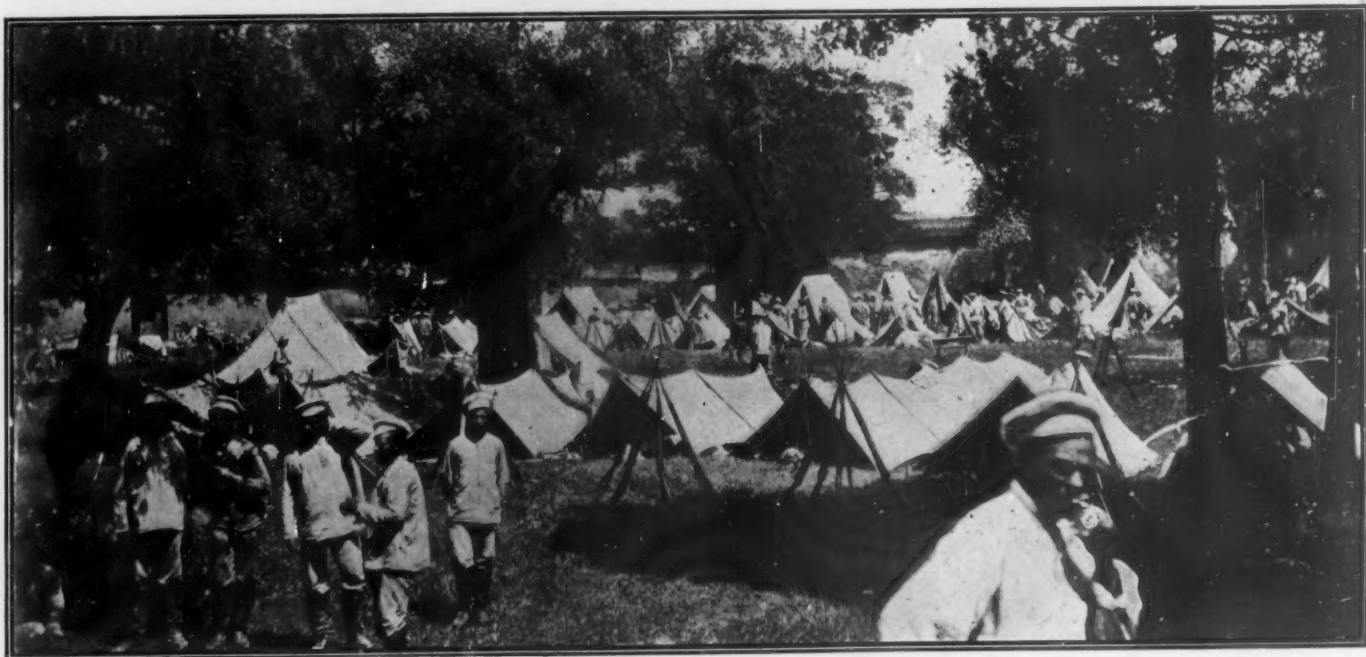
The horse meat, which they had to eat in the place of beef was nourishing, even if it was sentimentally objectionable. By commandeering all the food and issuing it in small rations, so far as supplies went, the Legations could have held out for another month. A more serious question was that of the guards of seamen and marines whose casualties were so heavy. The story of their heroism and their trying vigils for two months is beyond the scope of this article. Colonel Shiba of the Japanese and Captain Myers of the Americans were the two whose names you heard most frequently. Shiba's force had three more casualties than its total number, wounded men having recovered and returned to the barricades, only to be hit a second time. I saw Captain Myers in the hospital. Following the wound which he received in his daring charge, he was taken with typhoid fever. But now he was in the first stage of convalescence, and although so weak he could scarcely raise his hand from the sheet, he was the same cheerful Myers, who has as many friends as he has acquaintances in the navy.

"It was not the food," said one of the secretaries of the Legations. "We could get along well enough with that. It was not even the danger. But it was the anxiety for the

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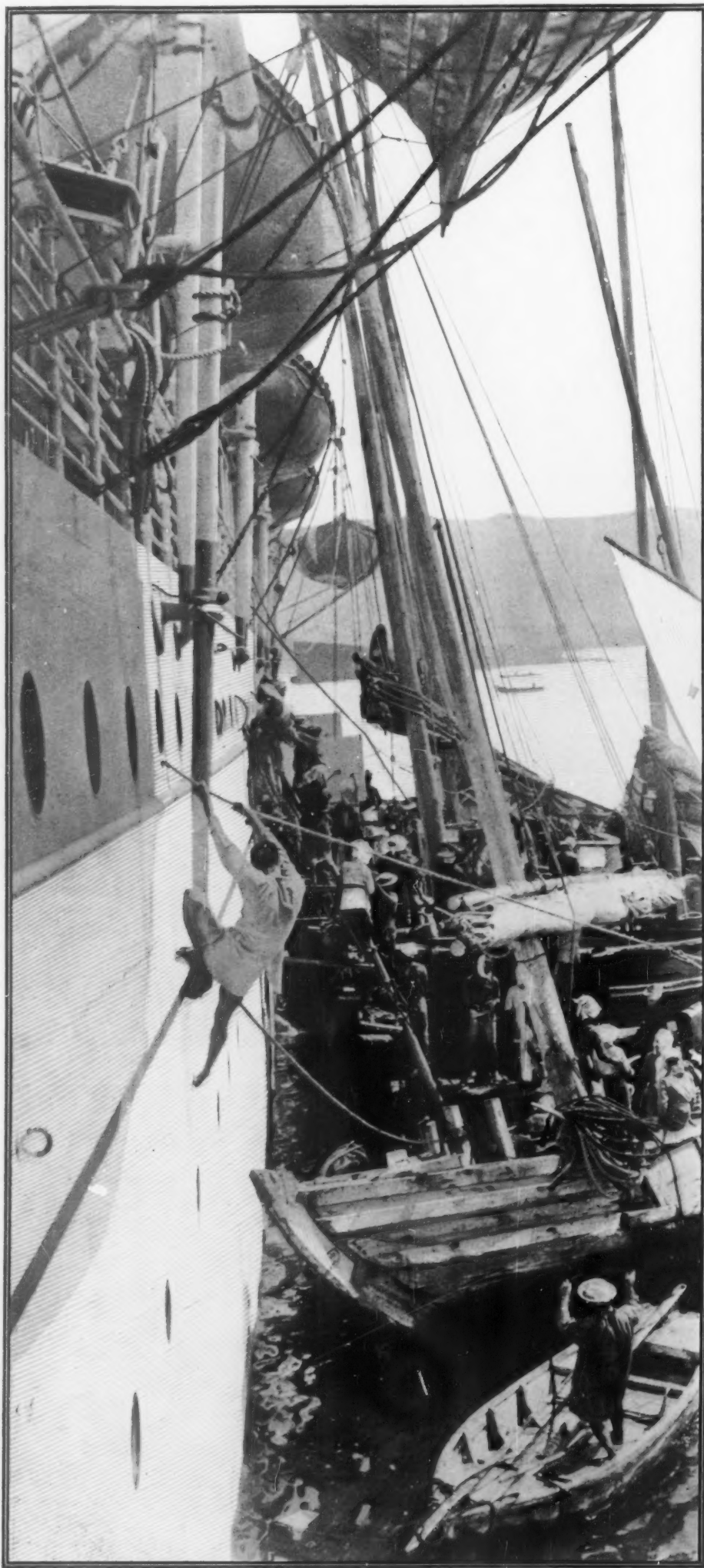


JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING THEIR LEGATION AT THE CHINESE CAPITAL



RUSSIANS IN CAMP IN THE GROUNDS OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKIN

THE OCCUPATION OF PEKIN



PICTURE BY J. C. HEMMENT, OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER IN CHINA

HOW UNITED STATES BATTLESHIPS AND TRANSPORTS ARE COALED
AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN, AND OTHER PORTS IN THE ORIENT

OUR BATTLESHIPS AND SAILORS

THE MODERN BATTLESHIP represents the sum of latter-day science, as devoted to the art destructive, in its most concrete form. Many master-minds grappled with the innumerable problems incident to her incubating period. The result is this magnificent structure, combining in the superlative degree both strength and beauty.

Unsinkable, indestructible, compact; a vast reservoir of concentrated power, and withal more beautiful than the most graceful yacht—provided you have an eye for that kind of beauty.

The *Alabama*, steaming slowly, with ponderous grace, under the Brooklyn Bridge on her way to sea, looked what she was—an epitome of potential energy. An invulnerable, floating Gibraltar. When such as she drops anchor in the port of a quasi-hostile power, diplomacy moves a vote of reconsideration; blatant jingoism realizes that their occupation is gone; there is a demand for conservative statesmanship. The scourge is a potent factor for peaceful negotiations.

She also stimulates invention. The possession of superior sea force is so vital that governments offer greater inducements to mechanical genius along these lines than on any other. He who can produce better, lighter and cheaper armor; more powerful and accurate guns; a higher explosive; stronger engines; more economical boilers or speedier model, may almost name his own compensation. What wonder that, under such a spur, the inventive genius of the race has produced the modern battleship?

And yet, despite the enormous expense that is lavished on these great engines of destruction, that they may, while dealing death-blows to their own kind, resist like treatment, the fate of Cervera's fleet at Santiago proves them almost as vulnerable as the old wooden ships of the last generation. It seems strange that this terrible lesson should have been required to teach the naval constructors of the world that wood is still inflammable, and that a steel ship ablaze would be untenable.

HOW THE SHIP IS CARED FOR

The first impression on boarding one of these modern sea-terrors is not, perhaps, an overwhelming sense of her strength—she is so big that we fail to grasp that idea at once—but we are struck with the all-pervading neatness. There is an air of perfect order, whose effect is—subduing. One is apt to wonder how it is maintained, for there is an utter absence of bustle. Scrupulous cleanliness is everywhere. The most tidy housewife would peer in vain into these corners in search of the ubiquitous cobweb. Everything that can be polished shines to the last degree. That which is not susceptible to polish is clean—absolutely clean. Penetrate to the lowest depths of her mysterious interior, and it is the same everywhere. Those in charge of the various departments vie with each other in this respect. It is safe to say that never can the ship be found in any other condition.

This attention to minute detail is the visible result of the rigid training which obtains in all departments of the service. It is the first lesson impressed alike upon the cadet at Annapolis and the raw recruit on board the training-ship. It has been handed down to this generation from the old days of wooden walls and square yards, when celerity in sail, spar and gun drill were matters of vital moment.

When carried to its logical conclusion, this minute attention to detail converts every man into a perfect part of that grand whole which is the battleship. When the time comes for the order to be given, "You may commence firing when ready," with the precision of clockwork, smoothly and without a hitch, the mammoth bursts into a flaming, roaring volcano—a hissing, spitting nest of venom.

All the years of patient training have led to this; and the result amply justifies the pains taken. In an hour an empire has been humbled; a cruel tyrant driven from the sea. The fact that the victor comes out with hardly a scratch on her glossy paint proves that it is—

"Not the iron ships, boys, but the iron hearts, that win."

With the advent of this huge "gun-platform," whose perfected weapons can hurl hundreds of tons of steel projectiles into an incredibly small area in a wonderfully short time, her destroyer has appeared.

Already, before the suicidal torpedo boat has had half a fair trial in actual warfare, she bids fair to be superseded by the submarine. This quiet little turtle-back is exceedingly business-like. Starting from an absolutely safe distance, and submerging herself in that cheapest and most effective armor—salt water (a substance as superior to nickel-steel for turning the point of a shell as that is to tissue-paper)—this little viper can, if necessary, clamp torpedoes to the battleship's keel as thickly as buttons on a soldier's blouse.

"THE PATH OF GLORY"

The feat is accompanied by none of the hurrah and glory of sudden death, pertaining to the charge of her predecessor, "The Joint of Stovepipe," as it staggers through the rapid-fire hail toward its giant prey; and for that reason the Holland boat will never be popular with the boys, for they dearly love to die for the flag. The traditions of our navy are filled with instances of men almost overstepping the bounds of discipline in their eagerness to volunteer for service which promises almost certain death.

The object lessons at Manila and Santiago, if they prove anything, accentuate the truth so beautifully expressed in the line above—that it's the iron hearts, and not the iron ships, that win. The criticism has been raised that there was but little glory in conquering a non-resisting foe. That the Spaniards would put up a poor fight could not be foreseen. To steam, at the head of his fleet, into Manila Bay, in the face of the fact that it was supposed to be thickly sown with torpedoes, was an act of cool heroism worthy of the immortal Farragut. It was reasonable to suppose that ships in their own port, backed by fortifications, would be able and ready to make the very best possible showing; and the spirit that

By HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN

AUTHOR OF "ON MANY SEAS," "THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY," ETC., ETC.

enabled Admiral Dewey and his gallant followers to enter that harbor as they did, and beard the Dons in their den, would have brought them off victorious no matter what the odds. The moral effect on the Spaniards of those ships sailing gayly up the harbor must have been anything but exhilarating.

The man who hauled his ships off and sent his men to breakfast while he inventoried the contents of his powder-horn and bullet-pouch—to see how the medicine was holding out—would have gone in there and hauled those Spaniards out by their tails, and twisted their heads off, had it been necessary. We know, now that he has become famous, what kind of a fellow he was when a youngster in the War of the Rebellion.

It is noticeable, as the old fellows drop off one after another, men whose names have loomed up lately, that all of them were on deck during the War of the Rebellion. They were not high enough in the service to attract much attention then, but their records will all bear overhauling now. These are the men, trained in a time when heroes were being made daily, who have commanded our ships all these years. During the piping times of peace, the general public lost sight of them; they were off coast-surveys, or attachés at foreign courts, or loafing about with their ships at show-places. But all these years they have treasured the traditions of the service, and when the time came, there was no lack of Decatur and Farraguts in our navy.

THE CAPTAIN IS KING

It is difficult to imagine a prouder position than that of captain of a great battleship. What is a mere President, the temporary puppet of a political party, in comparison with such a man? Having passed his entire life in the service, he knows it thoroughly. There is no occasion for hesitation or delay when the decisive moment arrives. There is no cabinet to be consulted, with their confusion of opinions, nor any adverse political effect to be guarded against. The path of duty is plain. He has the means of following it—in which he has full confidence—at hand, and the case is not yet on record where his heart has failed. He has always believed firmly in the superiority of his ships and men, and he has been invariably confirmed in that belief.

The sense of possessing superior power over one's adversary must be sublimely comforting. If we read between the lines, we are forced to the belief that, when Admiral Dewey, away off in Manila, with no possibility of reinforcement, "called down" that offensive German he had hard work to "keep his hands off him."

And the German knew it, too.

It is such men who have made our navy what it is to-day. They have inherited the indomitable spirit that possessed the fathers who lowered England's pride and brought the Algerian pirates to their knees. With such traditions to maintain, they could hardly be other than they are—brave and courteous gentlemen. They are equally at home on the decks or in the conning towers of their ships; palavering with a barbaric king in his palm-thatched, bamboo palace; attending the glittering functions of an Old World court, or leading the cotillon at Washington or Newport.

During the generation that we have been at peace our naval fighters have formed home ties; for Jack, whether he wears the blue shirt or gold stripes, has a warm corner in his heart for the ladies—a fact of which the ladies are perfectly aware, and which they reciprocate heartily. It will be remembered that when our gallant admiral found himself securely at the top of the ladder, although the blood of youth no longer coursed its fiery way through his veins, he lost no time in taking unto himself a wife to be a comfort to his declining years.

NAVAL OFFICERS' WIVES

Many of the other officers were already married and had families when the war broke out; for it was thought that we would hardly engage in war again, so that the navy was about as stationary as any of the other departments. When these men were ordered to the other side of the world, on what might easily become perilous duty, they had to leave wives and families behind and betake themselves to their ships.

Doubtless there were many tearful partings, for we were a nation inured to peace; but of these the public knew nothing. The war was short, but the ships were kept on foreign service, as order must be maintained and the fruits of victory guarded. It was then, during the humdrum of guard duty, that our gallant sailors' hearts turned to the loved ones at home. Nobly they refuted the time-worn slander of Jack having "a wife in every port." Occasionally an article would find its way into print, telling of the tribulations attending the passage of Mrs. Captain or Lieutenant So-and-So, on her way to join her husband in some far-off port. Then we knew what was in store for him. As the rules forbid officers having their wives on board, a temporary home would be established ashore, and an indulgence—and possibly envious—superior would grant frequent leave to the fortunate one.

Many of these ladies found disappointment waiting on their arrival. The exigencies of the service kept the ships moving about. The man might be hundreds of miles down the coast, prowling about in some tropical river where the mosquitoes would eat the paint off a wooden Indian and the monkeys' tails would get jammed in the brace-blocks—only that the new-fangled ships don't have any brace-blocks.

Madame would sit on the hotel piazza and fan herself, until desperation evolved from patience. Hearing that it was the custom on the coast for ships to be coaled by nearly nude, native maidens, who passed the fuel up the side in work-baskets, and being also an indefatigable American, she would engage passage on a native coaster. Failing this, a donkey and escort would be impressed, and she would scramble across country, only to learn, on her arrival, that the river job done, hubby was now shelling Boxers out of a swamp on the Peiho.

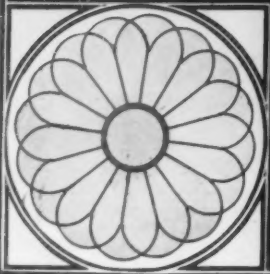


PICTURE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE

THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "ALABAMA" ON HER WAY TO THE
* BROOKLYN NAVY YARD—VIEWED FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

ENGLAND

ITALY



JAPAN

GERMANY

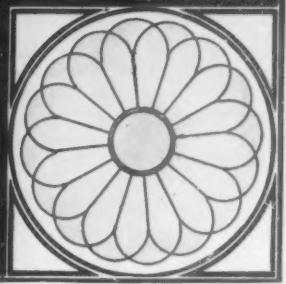
UNITED STATES

THE OCCUPATION OF

VIEW OF THE SLUICE-GATE IN THE WALL OF THE TARTAR CITY BY WHICH AMERICAN AND BRITISH TROOPS ENTERED

AUSTRIA

FRANCE



UNITED STATES

RUSSIA

JAPAN

OF THE CITY OF PEKIN

BRITISH TROOPS ENTERED. THE REAR OF THE AMERICAN COLUMN IS JUST GOING UP THE EMBANKMENT



MRS. UCHIDA IN JAPAN

HOME AND SOCIAL LIFE IN JAPAN

By MRS. YO UCHIDA, WIFE OF THE JAPANESE CONSUL



MRS. UCHIDA IN AMERICA

EDITOR'S NOTE—The remarkable part played by the Japanese during the March to Peking has aroused the greatest curiosity about the real life of the "Yankees of the East." Mr. Palmer, who accompanied the "Japs" (as they are affectionately called by their fellow-fighters of four nations) in the taking of the Chinese capital, tells elsewhere about the gallantry of the "soldiers who smiled always." No one is better qualified to write of the home and social life of her people than the author of the present article, who represents the very best society of her countrywomen, and whose story is most frankly and charmingly related.

WITH ever-increasing interest, I read Western books and magazine articles about my own country, but I find that many of them are very incorrect in their descriptions of Japanese life and customs. It was only two or three weeks ago that I observed a picture on the front page of a New York magazine which purported to represent the country folk in a certain district of China fleeing from the Boxers. To any one at all familiar with Japan it was clear that the people depicted were not Chinese, but that they were types of Japanese farmers or peasants. Such misrepresentations must be due to superficial knowledge, which does not perceive clearly, or at least does not recognize easily, the great distinctions between the various peoples of the Far East. This ignorance is largely excusable, as it is not possible for foreigners to get a true insight into, and appreciation of, our social life, without many years of residence in Japan and more or less intimate association with the natives.

In this article I shall try to give a true, if necessarily inadequate, sketch of the home and social life of Japan, as seen by a Japanese woman.

During the last thirty years, or within a single generation, the customs and manners of my people have changed very greatly. This has been brought about by the introduction and ready acceptance by us of Western civilization. But the transformation is not yet complete. Japanese life, as reflected in its customs and manners, is still in a state of transition. Those who visited our country under the old régime could hardly have imagined that, in so short a time, railways and telegraph lines would be extended into almost every part of the islands; that electric lights would illumine the cities of the Mikado as they do the capitals of Europe and the great cities of the United States; that telephones would be in use everywhere; that buildings of Western architecture would be too common to attract attention; and that almost every advanced idea of the Western world would find immediate acceptance in the Island Empire. But all this has been accomplished, and Japan, without losing too much of what was valuable in the old civilization, has tried to adopt everything that she thinks is good in the civilization of the West.

Along with these changes in public and business life have come, also, tremendous and necessary changes in our social and family life. Some of our people now live exactly as you do in this country—dwelling in homes built according to Western ideas, eating food of the kind preferred in the West and cooked in Western ways, and wearing the Western style of dress. They give receptions, entertainments in their homes, dinners, balls, and all other social functions in the strictest manner of the West.

But there are others who cling, half-heartedly, to the old manners and customs. These live in a style that is half-Western and half-Eastern, half-European and half-Japanese. This class marks the intermediate stage between the old régime and the new.

Almost all of the common-class people, however, still live in the old fashion. The few changes they have adopted in their dress and style of living only serve to accentuate the more the peculiarities of both civilizations. For instance, the quaint old "top-knot," familiar to Americans from the pictures on the chinaware imported from Japan, has practically disappeared, and our men wear the European hat. But they frequently wear it over a native "kimono," and the effect is very bizarre.

About fifteen years ago an attempt was made to introduce Western costumes among the women of Japan, and at that time, so great was the desire to imitate everything Western,

many ladies in Tokio and the other large cities set aside their native costumes and put on the latest fashions of Paris. But the result was not satisfactory, and in a few years most of the ladies dropped the Western costumes and returned to the "kimono" and "obi" of their mothers and grandmothers. It may be said that now only the Empress and the ladies of her court and of the diplomatic circles of Tokio still dress in the Western style.

In Japan the centre of social life is the family. Every one is supposed to belong to some family and to be attached to its residence. The family is more closely united than it is in America, for there are no tenements and apartment houses in my country. Each family occupies its own home, however humble it may be. In the cities and towns, of course, there are boarding-houses for students and others who must live

and parents being entitled to membership in the same family. An important feature in our home life is that younger members of a family must pay special respect to the elder members. This practice extends to brothers and sisters as well as to the children of the household. The head of a family is usually a married man who is responsible for the support of the entire household and for the management of the estate. According to our customs, property was formerly considered as belonging to the family, instead of to the individual, and stood in the names of the "heads" of families. This has been changed, however, and by recent laws any person in Japan, male or female, may now own property in his or her individual right. But all property of the family is still transferred from head to head, whenever there is a change in the headship.

It is partly due to this custom that our people are especially solicitous about the perpetuation of the family. If there are no children, a boy or youth from another family is adopted, and he succeeds, in due time, to the headship. In these circumstances, the succession of the family estate is accompanied by great responsibilities, and, as the succession is well defined by law and the successor to the estate clearly designated, there are no children and heirs waiting eagerly, as is unhappily true elsewhere, for the death of their parents, in order that they may come into their property.

The Japanese boy or girl is sent to school at six years of age. The home is relied upon for the best moral training. The girls are trained by their mothers to become expert and economic housekeepers. All of them are taught to sew and cook and make their own clothing, and after marriage the Japanese woman generally makes with her own hands all the dresses of the family. The Japanese girl is also taught to retain her native modesty and to maintain her self-control. These moral qualities are perhaps more necessary in our country than it is here, because great self-restraint and wisdom, joined to considerable tact, are necessary in the complicated relations of a Japanese home, where the young married couple have to live with mothers-in-law and sisters-in-law. The sister-in-law is often found to be more difficult of management than the mother-in-law.

In Japan marriages are managed in an entirely different way from the usual method adopted in this country. Men generally marry at about the age of twenty to thirty, and girls between the age of seventeen and twenty. When boys reach a marriageable age, their parents or themselves begin looking around for a suitable match. If a desirable girl is found, the young man discloses his intention to a friend, who undertakes the task of matchmaker. The girl's family is thoroughly investigated, and the character and education of the girl herself are carefully inquired into. Then, if everything be found satisfactory, a proposal for the marriage of the two is made to the head of the girl's family, generally by the friend of the young man. The head of the girl's family then institutes investigations in behalf of the future bride. If his researches into the family history and affairs, and into the character and ability of the young man to take proper care of the girl, are satisfactory, the proposal from the friend of the young man is accepted.

The next step is an interview between the two young persons. This is arranged for the purpose of giving them a chance to take a good look at each other. If each be pleased with the appearance of the other, an engagement follows. This is accompanied by the exchange of presents. Within a month or two the marriage is celebrated. The ceremony is usually performed at the home of the bridegroom, in the presence of the parents, relatives, and friends of the contracting parties. The "middleman," or matchmaker, with his wife, generally attend as witnesses. As soon as the wedding is over, the marriage is registered in the local office maintained for that purpose. This part of the marriage ceremony is indispensable, as the marriage is not considered legally valid in Japan until this registry is made.

The parents and relatives of girls may take the same course, in arranging for a marriage of their charge, as is taken with respect to the boys. It thus happens that parents and others are continually on the lookout in Japan for suitable matches,



CONFIDENCES

away from home, but there is nowhere that dispersion of the members of the family that is plainly visible everywhere in the United States.

A Japanese house for a middle-class family usually consists of from seven to ten rooms, with a little garden attached. The interior decorations are very simple and neat. The floors are all covered with "tatami," or matting, having a mattress about two inches in thickness underneath. The floors are generally swept and cleaned thoroughly twice a day. Instead of chairs and sofas, we use cushions to sit on. The rooms are separated by partitions called "karakumi," or paper-covered sliding-doors, which are painted in different artistic patterns. In the parlor, there is a recess called "tokonoma," which is decorated with "kakemono," flowers and curios.

Besides the married couple and their children, some of their relatives usually live in the same house, their brothers, sisters,



A JAPANESE TRAVELLING CHAIR



PLAYING THE KOTO AND THE SAMISEN

and it is not very difficult for young persons to marry. There are, therefore, very few old maids and old bachelors in my country.

The servant question has not yet troubled and vexed our housekeepers. The Japanese servants are more contented and much easier to manage than those in this country, and they are far more faithful to their employers. They are treated like members of the family, and frequently they remain with a household for years. Many of them are not working merely for their wages, as the country people frequently send their daughters into the cities to get employment with the upper-class families, in order that they may thus acquire an education and good manners. The servants work contentedly for very low wages, sometimes only a few dollars—valued in American money—a month. They are not only contented, but they are efficient and faithful, and can be depended upon for any kind of service in the house. As a rule they go out on pleasure excursions very little, but the families that employ them sometimes take them to the theatres and other places of amusement.

The Japanese woman amuses herself at home by reading, the reception of friends, the arrangement of flowers—which, as you know, is an art with us—and with the composition of poetry. Formerly the women went out very seldom, but now the tendency is for the ladies of Japan, as well as of other countries, to go out into the world more and more; and my countrywomen are taking a larger part daily in the social life, in the charitable work, and even in the public life, of the nation.

We have no "season" in Japan for social functions. Different kinds of social entertainments are held throughout the year. But the first half of January is, perhaps, the time of greatest movement in the social world of Japan. Visits are exchanged, and presents given, as with you, for we now have the same divisions of the year that are observed in the Western world. All houses are decorated for the New Year's day.

We have many other days set aside for national festivities and celebrations. The most important of these is the third day of November, which is the birthday of the present Emperor. On that day the Emperor and Empress have a reception and dinner at the palace, but this is very exclusive, and only members of the imperial family, high officials of the government, and members of the diplomatic corps are honored with invitations. On the same evening, however, the Minister of Foreign Affairs gives a reception and ball in honor of the imperial birthday, and to this more than a thousand are invited, without distinction of class or rank.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne aids to digest your food, no dinner table should be without it.

Ability to succeed is limited by your health. Attain your full possibilities by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The great strength giver.

An Excursion

Into the country, out camping, fishing, or just a picnic, will be incomplete in outfit unless supplied with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In tea, coffee and many summer beverages it is delicious. Don't buy unknown brands.

ONE DOSE A DAY

of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will cure indigestion and constipation perfectly and permanently. The Vernal Remedy Company of Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial bottle FREE AND PREPAID to any reader of Collier's Weekly.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over Sixty Years by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It soothes the Child, softens the Gums, allays all Pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Social relations between foreigners and the people of Japan have not yet been as intimate as could be desired. This separation has been largely due to the difference in language, and partly to the seclusion of foreigners in their own quarters in the "open ports," under the old treaty stipulations. The new regulations and more liberal laws have broken down these barriers, and foreigners may now live in any part of the empire. The inhabitants of the country have, therefore, become better acquainted with the foreigners, and both understand each other better than before. With a wider and clearer knowledge has come a mutual appreciation of each other; and I am sure that hereafter there will be more intimacy between the Japanese and the foreigners who reside in Japan, and there will be a closer feeling of friendship between them in public, commercial, and, above all, in social life.

ALL DAY SUNDAY

She Thought about a Food that Would Agree with Her.

An unnatural appetite for rich and improper food is really kept alive by the use of such foods, whereas a change to healthful, nourishing, and scientifically made food, will correct the unnatural appetite. A little woman up at Peekskill, N. Y., Margaret Smith, P. O. Box 193, says:—

"I was such a sufferer from dyspepsia that life was a burden. I could hardly keep from eating all sorts of pastry, cakes, and other rich foods, although they did not agree with me, nor in fact did any sort of food. I became low-spirited and discouraged, was too weak to work and very seriously troubled with palpitation of the heart.

"Drugs seemed to make me worse rather than better. A friend said one day: 'I believe Grape-Nuts food would cure you,' explaining that that food was made with great care and intended for the prevention and relief of diseases that were brought about by improper food.

"That was Saturday night, and all day Sunday I kept thinking about Grape-Nuts, and the first thing Monday morning I sent for a package. I had it in my mind that the food would look like nuts, and was disappointed when I found it had to be eaten with a spoon. However, I followed the directions and made a meal of Grape-Nuts and milk, which I found to be delicious, and for the first time in months, I suffered no distress after eating.

"I at once began to feel hopeful that I might be cured at last. Since that day I have used Grape-Nuts constantly, morning and night, and have steadily improved in health, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life; weigh 10 pounds more than I did a year ago, have no palpitation of the heart and can work all day long.

"At supper I have Grape-Nuts mixed with soft-boiled eggs. I make my dinner on any kind of food I desire. One of the best things about this cure by proper food is that I no longer have any desire for the rich, indigestible rubbish of which I used to be so fond."

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE



Without a Rival

FOR BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as
**WEAK STOMACH
IMPAIRED DIGESTION
DISORDERED LIVER
SICK HEADACHE, ETC.**
In Men, Women or Children.

Beecham's Pills taken as directed will also quickly restore Females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

Beecham's Pills
Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes.
25c. at all Drug Stores.

SEN-SEN
A Dainty Toilet Necessity.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

—Edited by MARGARET E. SANGSTER—



THE USUAL PERCENTAGE of Adirondack accidents may be expected every autumn. People who shoot at random, who fancy every object which they see moving in the woods to be a deer and therefore send a bullet its way, people whose sight is defective, and people who are reckless by temperament and habit are dangerous fellow pilgrims in a forest. It might be a good idea for both men and women to avoid in the forest a costume in which the colors approximate the reddish-brown coat of the deer, and somebody should devise an Adirondack outfit sufficiently striking in its contrast to the foliage to prevent the possibility of mistake by any marksman.

Now, after years of pleasant companionship, the mother whose daughter has gone to college experiences a sense of acute loneliness. If the youthful freshman—freshwoman has not yet been substituted for this generic term—is homesick and depressed in her new surroundings, the feeling is natural and will soon pass, as she settles into the absorbing class life and makes new friends among her companions. The mother at home, approaching the confines of middle age, delighting in the society of her young people, and managing the house largely for their pleasure, is quite lost without her Ethel, her Margaret, her Dorothy; quite likely to be a little low in her mind until she, too, becomes accustomed to the daughter's empty room and vacant chair at the table. Mothers make very real personal sacrifices that their daughters may obtain the advantages of college training.

The point of view of to-day is in marked contrast to that of the earlier nineteenth century. When that most enchanting of heroines, Elizabeth Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice," was asked by the haughty Lady Catherine de Bourgh, "Has your governess left you?" she explained that she and her sisters had never had a regular governess. "Then who taught you, who attended to you?" was the horrified inquiry of the amazed matron; and the reply was, "We were always encouraged to read, and had all the masters that were necessary. Those

who chose to be idle certainly might." If the young women just entering college in the present autumn shall be as agreeable, as piquant and as sensible as Elizabeth Bennet, their mothers will be repaid for their four years of self denial in parting with them.

WOMEN AND CHARITY

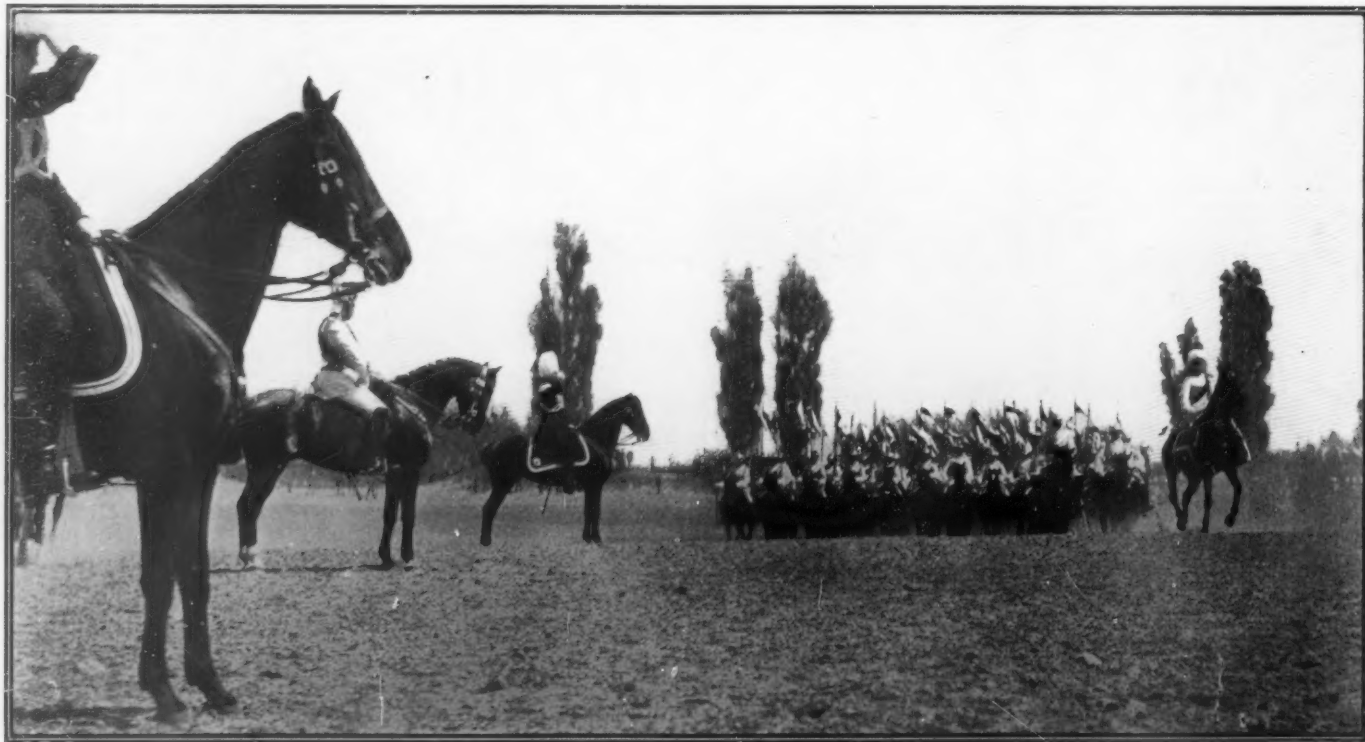
AMONG recent causes for gratification few surpass the suppression by the postal authorities of the vexatious and unjustifiable system of letter-writing called the endless chain. This method of raising money is one of those to which women resorted with enthusiasm principally because women in the rank and file are impecunious. Few women outside the great towns have personal command of money or have money at all except in the smallest sums, and even in city life women, with the most generous hearts, can give very little to their favorite charities because they are dependent on their masculine relatives for the ability to give anything. Therefore, a scheme by which each person solicited should contribute ten cents, and which contemplated an endless chain with many links composed of persons who should give at least that same small sum, looked at the first glance both attractive and innocent. Each recipient of an appealing letter was to make a specified number of copies and send them to a list of friends, who in turn were enjoined to each repeat the performance, so that when the circle was completed and clasped by the sender of the original letter the sum total was frequently out of proportion to the tiny first investment; it was the harvest of the small seed multiplied indefinitely, or to a thousand fold. But the element of chance was in it, and the principle of the lottery, and government at last has frowned on and forbidden the whole thing from start to finish, to the relief of a suffering public and the great satisfaction of overburdened postmasters in country towns, who need no longer be swamped under a deluge of letters.

With the opening of the social season women again find opportunities to do good thronging upon them, for it is everlastingly true that the poor are always with us. Fairs, suppers, bazaars, entertainments will be in vogue, and women will again engage in the old occupations, raising money by every method except the simple one of contributing it outright. Fairs of whatever kind mean days and weeks and

months of strenuous work in preparation, and they are apt to leave their promoters very worn and weary when they are over, while their net results are often disappointing. Still nothing seems to take their place, and for the hospital, the orphanage, and the homes for old men and old women we may still expect to be invited to attend fairs and to contribute our mite. Fairs are convenient in that they furnish a chance to buy pretty trifles for holiday gifts and to eat dinners in company with one set of friends while another set officiates in the waiting at table, and everything has a flavor of the amateur, from chilly soup to tepid coffee; but agreeable as they sometimes are, the game is never really worth the candle.

Entertainments, in which the programmes are elaborate, and to which professional people donate their talent, are, in one aspect, of doubtful morality. Artists of eminence are highly paid, but they have expended years of labor and quantities of money in laborious study before they have reached the vantage-ground whence their playing and singing is remunerative. When rich women or women of social distinction ask them to give an evening of music or a single number, or when the request for such a gift is made to a lecturer or a reader, the suppliants have little notion of how much they ask. If the artist declines, he or she is thought greedy or unamiable, whereas no one has a right to seek from a hard-working professional the munificence of an evening's effort. Authors, too, are importuned for autograph copies of their books. The general impression is that an author is in possession of an unlimited number of his books, while the fact is that beyond a complimentary half-dozen from the publisher when the books appear, he has no ownership in any of his productions and must buy them just as his friends do. It becomes a very serious tax upon a popular author when he must often seem churlish, or donate his books to the literary booth of a sale or a fair which is managed by the women of his acquaintance.

Until an entire change is announced in home finance, however, women will go on overworking themselves for charities; and charities, for their very existence and for their maintenance and the good they do, will depend on the unselfish endeavors of women who, having only themselves to give, bestow their time, pains and thought lavishly and break the alabaster box as Mary did of old at the feet of their Lord.



THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY LEADING HER REGIMENT OF CUIRASSIERS PAST THE EMPEROR—FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER, THE KAISERIN APPEARED AT THE REVIEW OF THE CORPS OF GUARDS, DURING THE RECENT MANOEUVRES OF THE GERMAN ARMY CORPS, DRESSED IN A WHITE RIDING HABIT, WITH THE INSIGNIA AS HONORARY COLONEL OF THE KONIGS CUIRASSIER REGIMENT. OVER THE CORSAGE SHE WORE THE ORANGE-COLORED CORDON OF THE BLACK EAGLE. HER MAJESTY RODE A BEAUTIFUL BLACK HORSE, AND WAS ACCOMPANIED BY HER BROTHER, DUKE ERNST GUNTHER OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, WHO WORE THE CRIMSON UNIFORM OF THE HUSSARS OF THE ROYAL BODYGUARD. THE SCENE WAS ONE OF GREAT SPECTACULAR BEAUTY.

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A LOST BATTLE

WHEN the last gun is fired, the last word is said,
We may pick up the wounded, we may carry hence the dead.
Trail the vanquished banners, fold the flags away,
While with stormy music the foe keeps holiday.

Pale the lips that taste it, sorrow's bitter brew,
When the fight is ended and there's nothing more to do.

But with grim endurance we may sheathe the rusting swords,
Since Apollyon won the battle that we thought was the Lord's.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE CHARMS OF THE EARLY AUTUMN

THE TOWN is fast filling up, and houses which have been barricaded and barred for weeks against the predatory burglar are now opening wide their doors and windows, while every sign indicates that the family is again at home. Blessed are the people who can afford to linger a while longer when September's royal vintage is poured, where every hedge and old stone wall is a poem, where the autumn flowers make every roadside brilliant. Throughout summer there is always some suffering from the heat, but when the fall comes, the temperature is so agreeable, the days are so crisp, the nights so cool, that every hour spent away from town is an elixir of delight.

Beggars are more in evidence than ever in our streets. They are also more pitiful and more importunate. The impulse of kindness is always to drop a coin into the outstretched hand. Somehow one feels better if one gives relief to the extent of a dime than if one heartlessly says no and walks on. The better way is to investigate every case, personally, if one can, and through the aid of organized charity, if this is inconvenient. However short they may fall of their own ideals, the Charity Associations really do a tremendous work. They assist the worthy poor. They give a lift to the poor man who is out of work and out of courage. They look out for the children. They go, in the person of their friendly visitors, into the homes of those in dire necessity, and they show the wives and mothers how to make the most of what they have. An impression prevails that organized charity is perfunctory, but no one can look dispassionately at the work done by men and women in association without seeing how wise it is, and how loving as well.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BRIDE

THE BRIDE of the hour is seldom much under twenty-five, and she may be thirty years old, and in the very heyday of beauty. College training pushes to a much later period than was dreamed of a century ago the time of a young woman's entrance into society. Allowing her an interval for girlhood's reign of caprice and appropriate homage, she cannot marry until she is far more mature than her grandmother was when she stood at the altar. In "Sense and Sensibility," poor Marianne Dashwood, who was, at seventeen, jilted in favor of a richer girl, by the perfidious Willoughby, at nineteen found herself able to return the affection of Colonel Brandon, whose venerable age of six or eight-and-thirty had seemed to her an insuperable barrier. It is quite delightful to be assured that the fickle Mr. Willoughby, united to his heiress, a woman with fifty thousand pounds and a temper, could not hear of her marriage without a pang. The point is that Jane Austen's heroines were all so young, wooed and married and a', just when our girls are matriculating at Vassar and Smith, or going off to Berlin and Cambridge to take post-graduate courses.

Questions of etiquette are even now beginning to cause perturbation in the minds of those who do not feel quite sure of their ground in matters of ceremony. When wedding cards are ordered from a good house, the stamp of which on its stationery is an evidence of its standing, there may be entire confidence in following the directions of the engraver. It is of importance to the best-known firms to know the latest mode, and their customers may trust them absolutely as to style and general appropriateness for an occasion. Persons who are in doubt about their cards—the size, the shape, the favorite caprice of the hour as to lettering—should consult a business house in the nearest large town, or write to some New York firm of acknowledged excellence, asking for samples before giving an order. When leaving cards upon friends, never forget the hostess, whether or not the call be on a young lady visiting her, or on one of her daughters. In this era of the world mothers are never neglected except by those whose polite education has been neglected. A man calls on a girl's mother as scrupulously as on a girl's self, if he admire the latter.

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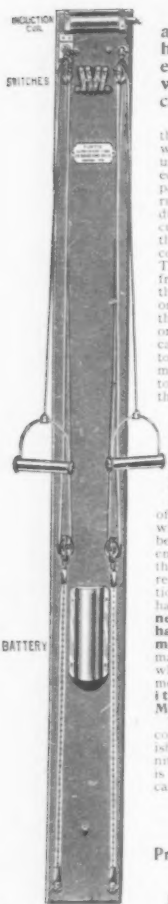
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With a Sponge

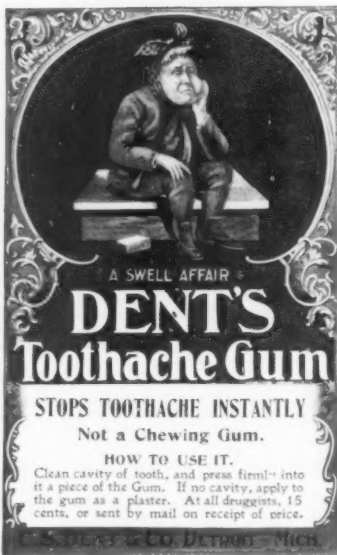
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Your Money Back If You Want It FREE. Our stove and range catalogue, containing the best bargains on earth, will be sent absolutely free for the asking. Address: O. L. CHASE, MERCANTILE CO., 1181 W. Eleventh St., Kansas City, Mo.

PARALYSIS. Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled. Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable. Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Food. Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures free. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MARCH TO PEKIN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

women and children; the fearful possibility ever present in mind, and the terrible monotony of the confinement, which made our existence for those two months so miserable."

THE CONDITION OF THE LEGATIONS

Barring a few shell holes, the American Legation was little worse for the bombardment. You saw even fewer effects of the fire in the British Legation, which was to be the scene of the "last stand" if the guards had to fall back from their first line of defence, and where women and children were so comparatively safe that the only death among the Americans was a baby.

Barring the downpour at Peking, we had more rain the night after our arrival at Peking than at any time on the march. Rain was what we most feared; and it was expected. Three or four such deluges as ordinarily visit the valley at this season of year would have stuck our artillery and our transportation in the mud. When I went through the sluice-gate to the level ground outside the wall, where the Americans had camped, I found everybody stiff, drenched and slimy. "Newberry, Davis, Chow, two mule cart," looked dismal. Every one of our ponies had a sore back. We were thankful enough that we were at the end and not the beginning of the ninety-mile march. So was the whole army.

OPENING UP THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Before eight o'clock the Americans were marching up to the Chen-Men gate, leaving behind a desolate scene of whatever articles, from mats to boards, they had rustled to put between weary backs and the mud on the previous night. We had set for ourselves the task of taking the Forbidden City. The prospect of actually going into the Emperor's Palace, where only a few diplomats have entered, made us forget that we were still and think that we were young again. The Russians were to share the attack with us. However, when General Chaffee sent word to the Russian General that the Americans were ready, the Russian replied that his men were too tired to go. After we had broken through the first of the four gates which stand between the actual Forbidden City and the vulgar and overcome most of the opposition, the Russians sent up a company so as to be represented. Our cavalry General was rather blunt in saying that he could not have his movements spoiled at that time by the addition of a small alien force. The Russians protested to the Ministers and the Ministers stopped our advance just as Davis and myself had had a peep through the fourth gate at the Emperor's Palace itself. Davis's heart was so nearly broken that he sat down on a Chinese lion and refused to move for half an hour or to say anything beyond brief ejaculations that it is a wicked world.

THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN

Thus practically ended the campaign of the American army in China. Its climax was a tragedy which came home, to every man who knew Captain Reilly, as a personal bereavement. We always thought of his battery and spoke of it as Reilly's. He was the spirit of it, and set his seal upon it. It never had a man fall out or a horse with a sore back in the march. It was generally conceded to be the best battery in the column. As he moved out from camp I happened to pass him, and called out to ask where he was going.

"To make the Chinese give us camping room for to-night," was the happy reply.

He planted his guns on the Chen-Men gate. After their task was nearly finished he was standing by a pillar directing their practice, when he was struck by a bullet glancing from the pillar, and fell unconscious and dying into Major Waller's arms.

"It will take a good many dead Chinese," said one of his officers, "to pay for the life of the Captain. Such a man as he ought to be reserved for civilized warfare."

A PROGRESSIVE MANDARIN

It is a curious fact, though perhaps not unnatural, that many patriotic and far-seeing Chinese officials were at first most bitterly opposed to foreigners. One of these was Chang Chi Tung, who up to the time of his appointment as "Futai," or Lieutenant-Governor of the two great Kwang provinces, with Canton as the capital, evinced great dislike for foreigners. To get rid of foreigners by any means was his thought at all times, but he was too intelligent not to recognize that the task was an impossible one. Chang Chi Tung realized that only by taking advantage of the constructive ability of the foreigners could his country be ultimately benefited. This mandarin was not afraid to present a remarkable memorial to the throne, advocating the opening of railways and the establishment of great iron works and arsenals, so as to secure the means of making China practically independent of the outer world. This was at a time about a decade prior to the war with Japan, when China was passing through a series of humiliations such as have occurred since the beginning of her intercourse with Europe and America.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

GOLD MEDAL

to

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

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are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

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ESTABLISHED 1780.



A pencil can be a great annoyance, or a comfort. The breaking of the lead when you are in a hurry, or at any time, is an exasperating experience. To have your pencil sharpen to a fine point and wear off in use, instead of breaking, is what a pencil should do.

DIXON'S

AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

are made of finest even grade cedar, with smooth, durable leads. Their grades never vary, and you will get the maximum use out of every one. Ask for them at your dealer's; if not obtainable, mention Collier's Weekly, and send 10c. for samples worth double.

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Direct from
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Full Quarts,
Express Paid.
Saves Middlemen's
Profits, Prevents
Adulteration.

FOR thirty-three years we have distilled the best whiskey made and sold it direct to consumers. We have thousands of customers in every state and want more, we therefore make the following

Proposition:
We will send you four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense, and we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

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226-232 West Fifth St., DAYTON, OHIO.
305-307 S. Seventh St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must be for 20 qts., by freight, prepaid.

9 for 10 Cents.

We will send to any one 9 handsome 7 in. Battleground designs, all different, stamped on colored cardstock. Also our new 100 page catalogue of Fancy Paper Novelties and Handkerchiefs. All for 10 cents.

C. S. DAVISON, N. Y., Dept. 68.

AGENTS make 25 PER CENT Commission by getting

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AGENTS WANTED to represent the famous RACINE HOSIERY. Sold direct to the consumer. We are manufacturers of the famous RACINE FEET, new feet for old hosiery; one of the best selling agents' novelties put out in years. Sample pair ten cents. Write for terms. H. S. BLAKE & CO., Dept. K, Racine Wis.



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\$9.85 Send NO MONEY

If you live within 200 miles of Chicago (if further send \$1.00), cut this ad. out and send to us, and we will send you this **BIG HEATING STOVE** by freight C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, one of the handsomest heating stoves you ever saw and equal to heaters that retail at \$15.00, pay the freight agent. **OUR \$9.85 ACME OAK HEATER** BURNS Anything: wood, hard coal, soft coal, coke or cobs; greatly improved for this season, latest style for 1900. A BIG HEATER, 5 feet 3 inches high, 21 1/2 x 27 1/2 inches in diameter; 18 inch fire pot, 6 inch pipe, mounted with 12-gauge smooth cast iron; heavy cast iron fire pot, with shaking and dropping center grate for coal, double circular wood grate, constructed so the fire can be kept under complete control; large ash pan, large feed doors; ash pit doors swing on double hinges, check drafts in collar and feed doors. HEATFULLY FINISHED, fancy nickel mountings and ornamental, highly polished and heavily nickel plated feet rails, nickel name plate, top ring, hinge pins and knobs; heavy nickel bands and mountings, fancy nickel plated and ornamented top rim. Every stove covered by a BURNING OF AN ANTEE, and safe delivery guaranteed. Made from the best quality of heavy sheet steel, pig iron, and nickel, positively the handsomest, best burning, best heating, most economical and durable BIG FAIRBANKS HEATER MADE. If you don't find this stove the equal of those sold at double the price, return it to us at our expense and we will return any money sent us. **ORDER TODAY.** Write for FREE STOVE CATALOGUE. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

COE'S ECZEMA CURE \$1. Large sample mailed free. COE CHEM. CO., Cleveland, O.

HAD HIS ROYAL FACE WASHED

ONE of the many stories going the round of Germany about the Crown Prince's childhood has almost become a household word with his future subjects, so frequently has it been told in nurseries. Nothing afforded the young heir, as a youngster of six or seven, greater pleasure than to watch the sentries salute as he passed in or out of the Castle at Potsdam, and the poor soldiers were kept at it from night till morning. This delight was equalled only by his aversion to water, and the poor woman who was charged with his toilet averred that he lay awake nights devising a means to escape the cold morning bath.

One day the child rushed in upon the Emperor and the Empress as they sat at breakfast with a furious complaint against the sentry, who had neglected to salute him, as usual, that morning. The Emperor drew his son closer to him, examined him curiously, and then replied:

"I don't wonder, my son, the poor sentry did not recognize the Crown Prince in this dirty-faced little boy, so I cannot have him reprimanded."

It was the last time the prince ever refused to have his face washed.

BUSINESS INSTINCT

BANKER: "Come, doctor, let's sit down here and exchange thoughts."

Doctor: "You are always on the lookout for business, aren't you?"

CONGENIAL

A.: "My wife and I agree perfectly."

B.: "Indeed. How do you manage?"

A.: "She only sees my faults, and I see only hers."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

MODEL ADVERTISING

The following advertisement appeared recently in one of the German dailies:

—Cocoon is the best.

"I will send three boxes free to any person or persons who can prove it to be injurious to the health."—*Königliche Zeitung.*

EMBARRASSED

MISTRESS: "Julia, I can understand your kissing my son once, through inadvertence, but the second time—"

Julia: "Forgive me, please. You see I was so flustered by my impertinence that I completely lost my head."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

DISCRETION

Doctor: "Why, nurse, you don't mean to say you are going to take the baby out in this dreadful weather?"

Nurse: "Why not, sir? Sure he's only six months old, and doesn't know the difference."—*Caricature.*

INCONTROVERTIBLE

MARY: "I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife."

Helen: "Why? Has he proposed yet?"

Mary: "No, but he dislikes mother more every time he sees her."—*Legend.*

A WITTY STATESMAN

ENGLISH statesmen of prominence have invariably possessed a marked fund of humor; none more so than the well known Canning, whose exuberant vitality, which endeared him to all who knew him, found vent in frequent witty sallies. On one occasion Whitbread, the son of the Whitbread of brewery fame, one of Canning's opponents, pompously opened a public speech with an announcement that the day was doubly sacred to him, both because it was the anniversary of the founding of the brewery and of his father's death. Canning, without an instant's hesitation, scribbled these few words on an envelope, which he passed to his neighbor:

This day I still hail with a smile and a sigh, For the beer with an e and the beer with an i.

YOUNG LADY (in music-shop): "Have you 'A Heart That Beats With Love'?"

Assistant (blushing): "No, miss; I should consider it highly imprudent on a salary of ten dollars a week."—*Tit-Bits.*

SCENE—Office. Stranger (entering): "Is the manager in?"

Clerk: "No."

Stranger: "Gone for a rest?"

Clerk (sadly): "No, gone to avoid arrest."

A DIPLOMAT

SHE: "Yes, it's all well enough to say now you think I'm pretty. Yesterday you said my nose turned up dreadfully."

HE: "Well, dear, I was thinking it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth."

INSOMNIA

MRS. JENKINS: "It is rumored that Mrs. Appleby is suffering badly from insomnia."

Mr. Jenkins: "Yes; it is a peculiar case. I have been told that a week ago she discovered that her husband talks in his sleep. Since that time she hasn't slept a minute for fear of missing something."

A Common Trouble

Thousands Suffer From it Without Knowing its Real Character.

No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think that their nerves are to blame, are surprised that they are not cured by nerve medicines and spring remedies; the real seat of mischief is lost sight of, the stomach is the organ to be looked after.

Nervous dyspepsia often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach so much as in nearly every other organ; in some cases the heart palpitates and is irregular; in others, the kidneys are affected; in others, the bowels are troubled, with loss of flesh and appetite, and the accumulation of gas, sour risings and heartburn.

Mr. A. W. Sharper of No. 61 Prospect St., Indianapolis, Ind., writes as follows: "A motive of pure gratitude prompts me to write these few lines regarding the new and valuable medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have been a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia for the last four years, have used various patent medicine and other remedies without any favorable result. They sometimes give temporary relief until the effects of the medicine were off. I attributed this to my sedentary habits, being a bookkeeper, with little physical exercise, but I am glad to state that the tablets have overcome all these obstacles, for I have gained in flesh, sleep better and am better in every way. The above is written not for notoriety, but is based on actual facts."

Respectfully yours, A. W. Sharper, 61 Prospect St., Indianapolis, Ind. It is safe to say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure any stomach weakness or disease except cancer of the stomach. They cure sour stomach, gas, loss of flesh and appetite, sleeplessness, palpitation, heartburn, constipation and headaches. Send for valuable little book on stomach diseases by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. All druggists sell full sized packages at 50 cents.



Something for Nothing

Never—but you come as near it in Corliss collars as you could in anything, for you get two collars for 25 cents instead of one, and we will guarantee one of ours to be as good as any one collar ever made. We don't do anything else, just make collars, but we make them right. At your dealer's. If not, send to us direct, stating size desired.

Send for catalogue which shows all our styles of collars and tells you how to dress on all occasions.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. R, Troy, N.Y.

Dunlop Pneumatic Tires

For Bicycles
For Carriages
For Automobiles

Send for Booklet.
The American Dunlop Tire Co.
Belleville, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

The Season's Greatest Clothing Success

The "Vest-two" is a reversible fancy silk vest—double-breasted on one side—single-breasted on the other, an entirely different pattern on each side, making

Two Vests in One.

Attractive and Economical. The double-breasted side, suitable for smart, gay occasions or regular business, the single-breasted side for church or quiet social functions. A crisp, new idea in men's apparel. Appreciated by all good dressers. Sold by leading clothiers and furnisiers. If yours has none in stock, send us one dollar on deposit with your chest and waist measure taken over, and we will see that you are supplied. Booklet FREE describing patterns.

ROSENWALD & WEIL, 215 Market St., Chicago.

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Sold on trial. Guaranteed 10 years. You can't afford to buy until you read our FREE catalogue with beautiful samples of the latest work. It tells you more about machines than you could learn otherwise in years. Have you ordered a machine? Do you want the best? Then write for catalogue of honest machines, honestly described, at home prices. It tells you plainly how to know a really high grade machine. Send for it to-day.

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Others invent, probably why not you? Inventors guide FREE. Edgar Tate & Co., 243 Broadway, New York

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DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH ANY SUBSTITUTE

THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN FLORIDA WATER

IS THE TRUE FLORIDA WATER AND YOU SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING IT.

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET AND BATH

Free Earn this handsome **BROCADED DRESS SKIRT.**

This is a very stylish and handsome black skirt, with a full three & three quarter yard sweep. Its made in a handsome variety of all over large and lovely more BRILLIANTINE, a durable and elegant material for dress skirts, lined with a plush black moulton cloth. 7 in. interlined, black lace around bottom. We will send it free to any one forwarding 5 cent note of one ladies Gold-plated Dress Pin for \$10, a set, (each pin set with emeralds level). Simply send us a note and we will send you this beautiful DRESS SKIRT for your trouble. We want you & will take back all the pins you cannot sell. We'll send you a GOLD GOLD gold set Ring, too, if you write to-day.

The Maxwell Co., Dept. 115 St. Louis, Mo.

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such as Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine, and all other Drug Habits, can be permanently and painlessly cured at home. No detention from business. No inconvenience whatever. **Action immediate.** Creates good appetite. Produces sound, restful sleep. Leaves system of patient in natural, healthy condition and without further desire for drugs of any kind.

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ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and revitalizes the whole body.

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition, individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens, to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
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A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

SIZE 48 X 34 INCHES
MOUNTED TO HANG ON THE WALL

PRICE 15 CENTS

This map is particularly interesting and valuable, as it shows in colors the different divisions of territory in America acquired since the Revolution. The original thirteen states, Louisiana purchase, the Texas Annexation, the Gadsden purchase, the cession by Mexico and the northwest acquisitions by discovery and settlement. It will be sent postage prepaid on receipt of price.

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THIS IS A PIPE

The only Pipe made that cannot be told from a cigar. Holds a large pipe-full of tobacco and lasts for years. Agents' outfit and a 25-cent sample by mail for 10 cents in stamps. New England Pipe Co., Dept. 39, Stamford, Conn.

It's on the President

The patent principle which has made the President Suspender famous can be found on no other suspender in the world. It's the freest, easiest and most stylish suspender ever produced.

President Suspender Improved model

is the only suspender made on which the trimmings will not rust. Look for the name "President" on the buckles of the genuine.

\$1,500 for Estimates on Presidential Vote will be given to wearers of President suspenders.

464 prizes. Contest closes November 5th. Send for booklet, "President Pointers"—free. Full information with each suspender. For sale by all dealers, or 50 cents, postpaid, direct from

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 211, Shirley, Mass.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

isn't losing any in general interest. The public is just beginning to realize what that purchase, made in 1803, meant to the Nation. Immediately upon its consummation Lewis & Clark made their renowned exploration across it. Their report reads like a romance and again proves truth stranger than fiction.

The Northern Pacific's Wonderland 1900 gives a brief resume of the Louisiana Purchase negotiations and a long story of Lewis & Clark's adventures among the mountains and savages. The first and a very large edition of this book, was exhausted within five months of its issuance and another one ordered for popular distribution.

The calls for it come from all parts of the world. Its illustrations, from photographs taken expressly for it, are not the least of its attractions.

Send six cents for it to Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn.



No. 100. Rowing Boat. Absolutely Safe. Send 5 stamps for Catalog.

TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

The Veeder ODOMETER

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Automobiles, and all Vehicles. Aside from the pleasure always found in knowing the distance travelled and accurately measuring the ability of your horse, the Veeder Odometer enables you to oil the running parts at known intervals of distance, instead of "haphazard" avoiding wear and tear enough to save many times its cost equally true of automobiles.

Each mile and fraction of a mile. In ordering give exact diameter of wheel. Catalog free.

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CROSBY'S GLOVES

Factory to Family by mail post-paid.

Our great \$3.00 black gauntlet fur gloves; Ladies' Mocha kid gloves in any color \$1.25; men's Mocha and Reindeer gloves unlined and silk-lined \$1.50 to \$2.00; many other kinds of gloves and mittens 50 cents and upwards, all in illustrated booklets, "Glove Pointers." Natural Black Galloway, Calfskin, and other fur coats; Galloway whole hide robes, Taxidermy and Head Mounting in booklets, "Moth-Proof." Do you want holes or skins tanned for rugs or robes? get our "Custom Tan Folder." We also buy raw furs.

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116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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Revolvers

THE Worlds Standard

Catalogue of latest models for a stamp.

SMITH & WESSON
10 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

GREAT WESTERN Champagne

received the

Only Gold Medal

awarded to any American Champagne at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., Sole Makers,
Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by all respectable wine dealers.

NEWS FROM CAPE NOME

By TAPPAN ADNEY, Our Special Correspondent in the Gold Fields

THE BEACH "PETERING OUT"

CAPE NOME, ALASKA

THE BEACH as a gold producer is practically a failure. By the end of July it was tolerably certain that the gold was very unevenly distributed. Here and there men were making good wages—that is, as high as fifteen dollars a day; while I heard of two men, not over a mile above town, who rocked for a short while from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars a day, securing one pan of dirt worth forty-two dollars. Of course, they were Swedes! Ten to fifteen dollars a day was very uncommon, while the majority of those who rocked upon the beach certainly did not average more than two or three dollars a day. William Cummings and William Fee—alias "Big Missouri Bill"—who were credited last year with the largest rockings on the beach, this year did not even set up their rockers.

The problem of saving the fine beach gold has been a serious one. The fact is that even the rocker, the simplest and best of gold-saving machines, must be built especially for the kind of gold intended to be saved. The rocker may be roughly described as a sort of box, open at one end, resting on two rockers, by means of which it is rocked from side to side like a cradle. The top is a shallow tray called the "hopper," having a sheet-iron bottom perforated with round holes an inch or so apart. Underneath is the "apron," a frame upon which is stretched a fabric like blanket or canvas, sometimes provided with crosspieces of wood, called "ruffles," and set at an angle. On the bottom, one end of which is open, is a frame with crosspieces or ruffles, like a gridiron. The dirt containing the gold is poured into the hopper. Then the miner dips up some water in a dipper made of a tin can with a handle about two feet long and set on at an angle, and pours it into the hopper, at the same time energetically rocking the machine from side to side. The fine dirt and gold pass through the hopper and over the apron, in which the heavier gold lodges, in the interstices of the weave or ruffles, while the finer passes on to the bottom, where it is caught in the ruffles there. The fine, flaky gold found generally on the beach is so light as to float off at almost a touch of the rocker, while the red and black iron sand with which it is abundantly associated is so heavy that it clogs the ruffles of the ordinary rocker and the gold slips over and is lost in the tailings.

A SUCCESSFUL GOLD ROCKER

The rocker used by Mr. Cummings I regard as the type of a successful beach rocker. Mr. Cummings is the oldest pioneer in Alaska of the miners who went in over the Chilkoot Pass in the early days before coarse gold was discovered, and rocked out the fine gold from the "bars" of the Upper Yukon, and to this day he is acknowledged to be the best rocker-miner in the Yukon. He uses a Brussels carpet stretched flat, without ruffles, for his apron, and places a silvered plate directly beneath the hopper in addition to the usual plate on the bottom, and he gives both plates and apron a very steep grade. The greater part of the gold is caught upon the first plate, as it falls from the hopper. At the end of the day's work, sometimes also at noon, the plates are taken out, the excess quicksilver on the plate (on which it appears in little lumps wherever it has caught a grain of gold) is scraped into a mining pan, while the apron is lifted out and dipped in a tub of water, the contents of the bottom of which are afterward poured out with quicksilver in the pan. When the "quick" (as the miners call it) has gathered all the gold into one mass, it is taken out and squeezed in a buckskin sack, through the pores of which the excess of quicksilver passes, while the remainder, a compact lump, is placed in a mining pan and warmed over a fire, which expels the quicksilver and leaves a hard lump consisting of grains of gold welded together. This is known as "retorted" gold, and the beach-miner, when in town, can always be told from the creek-miner by these lumps in his sack instead of the distinct, bright grains of the other. A common mistake of the green miner is to coat his plate too heavily with quicksilver, which runs off, carrying with it whatever gold may have adhered. Where these amateurs have been rocking, miners tell me they often find the sand full of fine globules of quicksilver, showing how some rocker has thus been robbed.

I have seen inexperienced miners abandon ground where a skilful panner soon after panned out fifteen cents to the pan. They went to work at four dollars a day wages, when the ground they thought worthless should have made them fifteen to thirty dollars a day to the rocker.

"PAY GOLD" IN BEDROCK

A few miners discovered that there was pay in the bedrock. "Bedrock," as understood by the miner, is not necessarily hard rock; in most places on the beach it is a firm, claylike stratum which has prevented the gold from settling further in the sand and gravel. I saw one such miner standing beside his rocker rubbing in his fingers a lump of this clay, and cursing his inability to break the clay up in his rocker. Further on I saw some of the same kind of clay lying on the bank where some men were rocking, and I said, pointing to the dry clay, "I see you understand."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "we dry it and pound it up and run it through the rocker."

This clay, whether it contains gold or not, is the bane of the sluice-boxes. As it is carried through the boxes by the water it has a habit of picking up any particles of gold that get in its way. The miners call such lumps "box robbers."

From this account of a few of the difficulties of beach mining it will be seen that a certain number even of those who persistently worked on the beach were sure to have gone away condemning it entirely.

Of the pumping plants and larger machines, not a few were brought by private individuals, at an outlay of two or three thousand dollars and upward, but the larger ones were brought by companies, organized outside and supplied with money by the sale of stock.

It was believed that the gold-bearing sands of the shallow sea, as well as in the shallow mouths of the rivers, could be handled successfully by dredges. The wildest notions seem to have prevailed concerning the extent and richness of the sands, whether above or below the surface of the water. Conspicuous by its advertising was a company which proposed by means of a single dredging apparatus to repay the whole of its capital stock of over a million dollars in one season at the modest rate of forty-five thousand dollars per day, leaving years of similar work still to be done on its numerous beach and tundra claims! I have not yet found this plant, or been able to learn if their machine ever got here.

CURIOUS GOLD-MINING MACHINERY

A capitalist by the name of Hammond, of Portland, Oregon, conceived the idea of placing a dredge upon a platform mounted on wheels, by means of which it could be moved along the beach whenever desired. When finally set up it appeared as a platform resting upon three posts, or logs, at the lower end of each of which was a large cask or roller—a sort of huge tricycle, with engine and sluice-boxes aboard the platform, and a long arm, with the usual system of buckets, for reaching seaward and hoisting the sand. The ungainly thing was moved by a steel cable working around a drum attached to a stationary engine. No sooner was it upon the beach than it began to settle, and it became necessary, in order to keep it from disappearing entirely in the sand, to rig alongside each leg a sort of lift, with a flat shoe at the bottom, with a tackle for lifting; but, like a man stuck in the mud, the lift settled in the sand about as fast as the roller was pulled out. For a long time the thing stood upon the beach—an object of much curiosity and comment. It was subsequently placed on a large scow and taken into Snake River, where it lies idle, near the other dredger.

A novel idea, among the larger plants, was that of Major L. H. French of New York. It was a hydraulic pump for lifting sand and water—a kind of machine used with success in harbor dredging. It consists of a 12-inch horizontal pipe reaching seaward forty feet, with a drop or elbow at the outer end of ten or twelve feet, mounted with pump and engine upon a large car on wheels running upon two tracks, one at right angles to, and the other parallel with, the shore line. The pipe is connected with engine and pump by a ball-and-socket joint, and a tackle by means of which the pipe is lowered or raised at will. As the sand and water are drawn up through the tube, it passes into two sluice boxes arranged on each side of the car. Each box is divided lengthwise into three compartments, each the width of an ordinary sluice-box and fitted with inch-and-a-quarter "Hungarian" ruffles. Each box has a gate at the top, enabling the water to be turned off from one or more boxes at a time for the purpose of cleaning up, thus permitting the machine to be worked continuously. I was present when the machine started, and on the first trial it handled sand, lifting even bowlders of considerable size, and upon slowing down, after a short run, grains of gold were found in the ruffles, thus proving what has been persistently doubted, that a hydraulic pump can raise gold. With what success the machine continued to work I am unable to say. The machine was provided with quicksilver plates, but if the experience of the rocker men is of any value, one could not expect to find in such large ruffles much more gold than one would pick up at random in the same quantity of sand off the beach.

I shall describe actual mining processes more fully next week.



A SWING PUMP FOR SLUICING



DISCOURAGED MINERS AND OTHERS LEAVING CAPE NOME



A NOME WATER CART



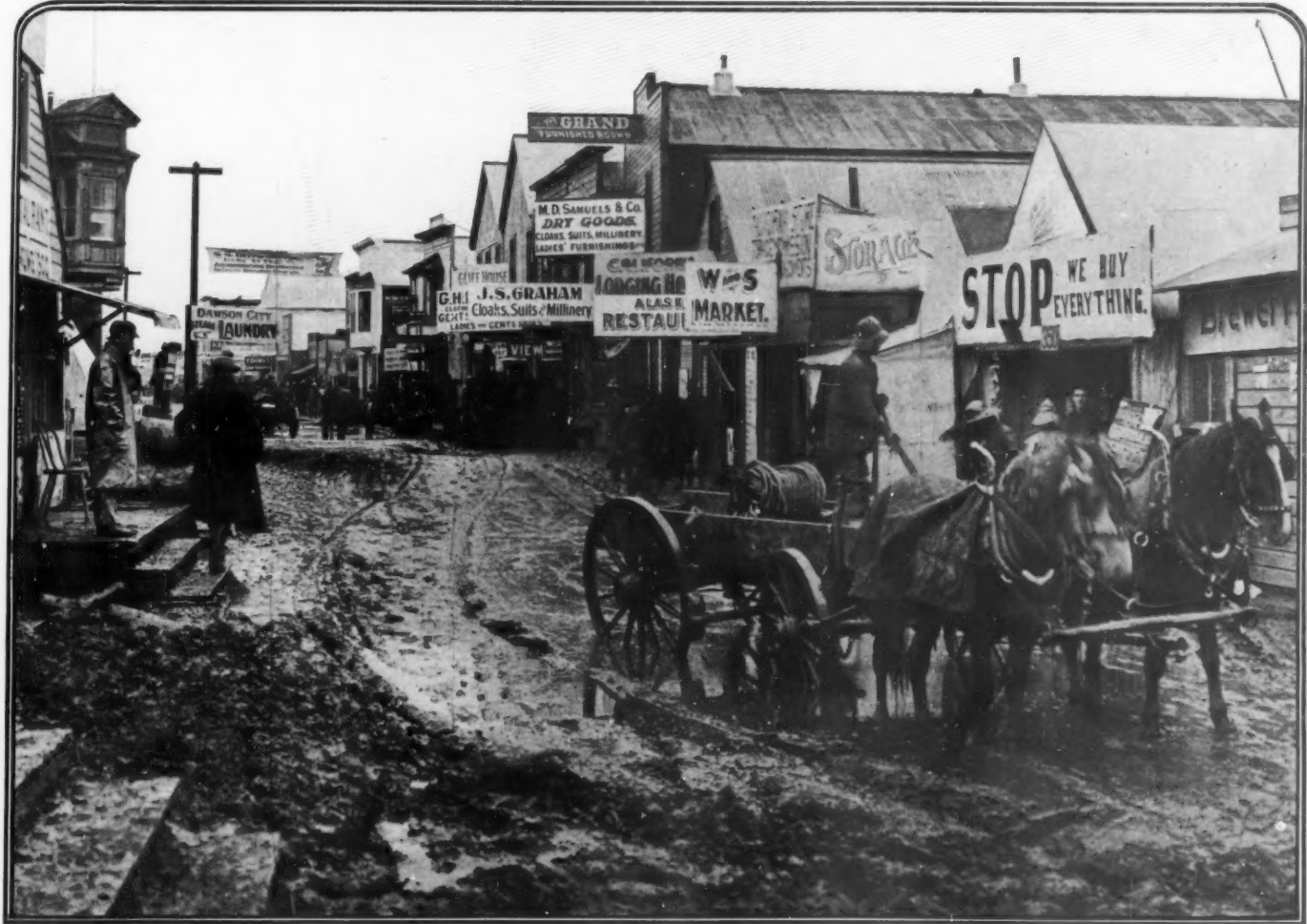
MINERS WORKING A CLAIM



SLUICING ON DISCOVERY CLAIM



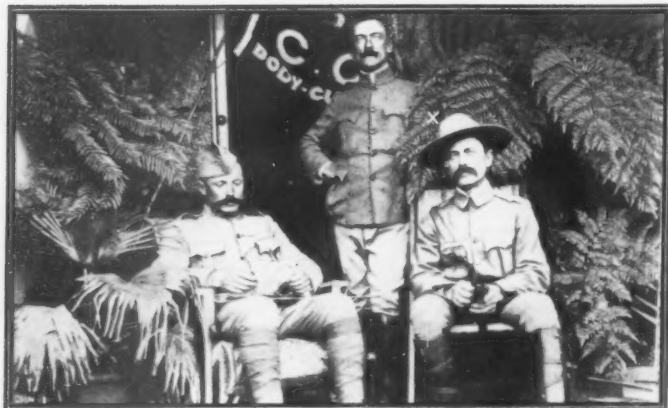
PANNING ON THE BEACH



PHOTOGRAPHED BY TAPPAN ADNEY

FRONT STREET, NOME, ON A RAINY DAY

PICTURES FROM CAPE NOME



BURNHAM (x), THE FAMOUS AMERICAN SCOUT IN THE BRITISH SERVICE (TAKEN AT PRETORIA)



LORD ROBERTS (IN LINE WITH TELEGRAPH POLE) ON HIS MORNING RIDE AROUND PRETORIA



BOER PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO SENEGAL



A BOER BURGER AND HIS MOUNT



GENERAL FRENCH (x) JUST BEFORE LEAVING PRETORIA FOR THE EAST



GENERAL BADEN-POWELL (x) AND HIS AIDE, MAJOR GORDON WILSON



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THE BOER GENERAL, DE WET

"CHRISTIAN DE WET, FIGHTER," is the most descriptive name that can be applied to the Boer general who has been continually harassing the British army in South Africa during the past five months.

The great success which De Wet has attained may be attributed to a score of different causes. He was utterly without military training before he was chosen to lead a commando last October, yet he has developed the fighting instinct, which is common to all Boers, to such an extent that he stands pre-eminent among the republican generals. He is energetic, resourceful, and daring beyond measure. Time and again he has led from five hundred to a thousand of his men against five times that number of British soldiers, and recently he and his four hundred burghers escaped easily from a tightly-drawn cordon of more than eight thousand British soldiers under Lord Kitchener. He recognizes the value of good scouting, a point which has cost the British heavily by reason of their indifference, and no English general can truthfully say that he has ever surprised De Wet. All his men are supplied with two and three remounts, and, in consequence, they can traverse from forty to sixty miles a day with ease when there is a necessity for it. De Wet himself travels in a tumble-down four-wheeled carriage. He always has four or five extra horses fastened to the rear axle of his vehicle, so that he can readily replace fagged-out animals with fresh ones. Every detail in his laagers is systematized to such an extent that it reminds one of a fire-engine house. Mobility is the breath of his life, and to fall upon a British column, when it was not known that De Wet was within fifty miles, is his specialty. One day he stood before his tent in the Free State and cried, "Opzaal!" In less than four minutes every tent was down and on a wagon, every cannon and ammunition wagon fastened to horses, and every one of his burghers waiting beside his horse for the order to proceed.

Last October, when the single word "Oorlog" (war) was flashed over the telegraph wires of the Transvaal and the Free State, De Wet was building an irrigation dam on his farm. Less than an hour afterward he was riding over the veldt to the railway station, and less than a year afterward he had indelibly inscribed his name on the scroll of South African history.

WATCH COFFEE

And Watch It Carefully.

Any brain worker that depends on thought for his success in life, uses up daily, by brain work, a varying amount of the delicate particles of phosphate of potash and albumen of which the brain and nerve centers are composed.

The fine, microscopic particles of phosphate of potash are found in quantities in the pores of the skin after the brain has been used actively. This must be replaced from food, or brain fog and nervous prostration sets in.

This breaking down of the little cells each day, from brain work alone, is a natural process, and the cells can readily be built from the right sort of food, if the system is not interfered with by drugs, but if an increased amount of cells are broken down by the use of coffee, trouble then begins.

Frequently it first shows in dyspepsia, lack of power of the bowels to operate properly, or palpitation of the heart or some other lack of vitality and healthy vigor. There is but one thing for a sensible man or woman to do—quit coffee absolutely. "Hard to do," you say. Take up Postum Food Coffee, use it regularly, have it well made, so it tastes good.

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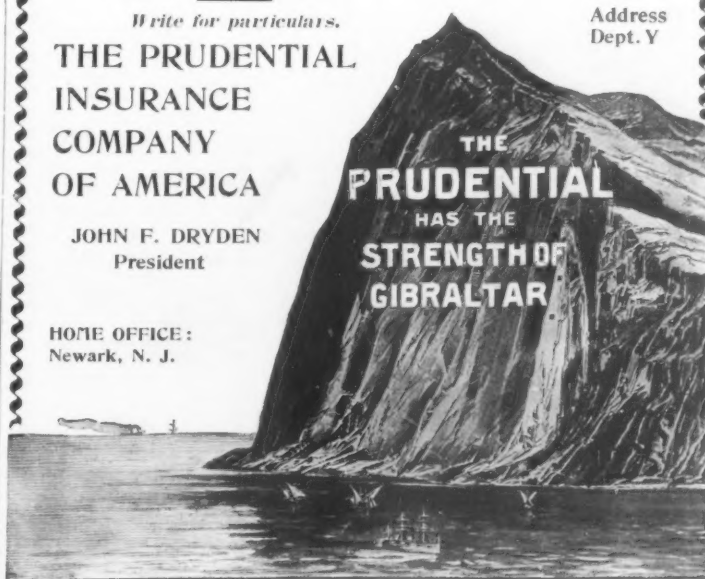
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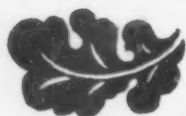
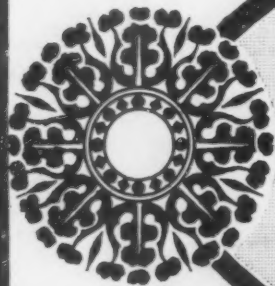
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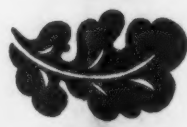
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G 112

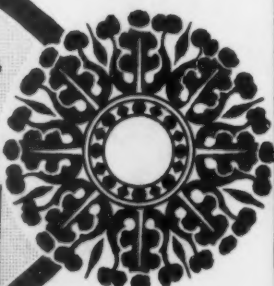
IT IS impossible to enumerate here the manifold attractions provided for the 1901 volume of The Youth's Companion. The paper will be crowded with contributions from Diplomats, Explorers, Sailors, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Story-Writers, and Self-Made Men and Women in many vocations. Noteworthy among them are Theodore Roosevelt, who will write on the inspiring theme, "The Essence of Heroism"; Lyman J. Gage and John D. Long, of President McKinley's Cabinet; Dorothy Tennant, wife of Sir Henry Stanley; Gen. Charles King; Frank Bullen, spinner of sailors' yarns; and W. T. Hornaday, hunter of big game; while the most popular writers of fiction will contribute nearly 250 stories to the 52 issues of the new year.

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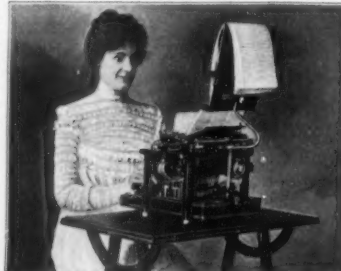
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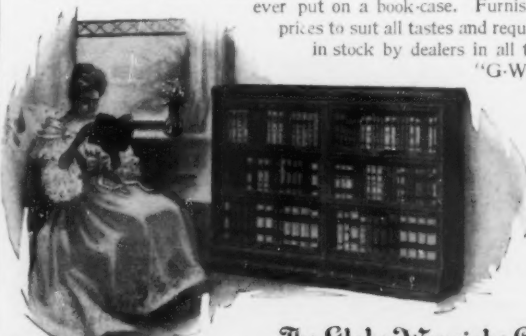
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